THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

Pulpits and Politics 85
Week by Week 87
Anglicans and Union 90
Celestial Visitors 91
The International Ledger ....John A. Ryan 92
The Everlasting Man .....Bertram C. A. Windle 95
The Newman of a New Age.....Theodore Maynard 96
Pursuit (*verse*) .....James E. Tobin 97
Canada's Tangled Politics .....M. Grattan O'Leary 98
Butterfly Wings (*verse*) ..Louise Crenshaw Ray 100
On Swearing .....P. H. Gallen 100
Grace (*verse*) .....George N. Shuster 101
Communications 102
The Play and the Screen....R. Dana Skinner 104
Books .....Thomas Walsh, Henry Longan Stuart, Laura Benét 105
The Quiet Corner 111

PULPITS AND POLITICS

IT IS ancient wisdom that one man may appropriate, abstract and convey to his own uses, a steed to which his title is as clear as mud without creating a ripple upon the surface of the plundered community, while another may not even cast a speculative eye towards the stable door without throwing the same community into a ferment of righteous—even riotous—indignation. The blast recently uttered by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church leads one to pause and wonder just what the populace at large, to say nothing of this same board, might say and do if a similar eruption should issue from a Catholic group, say the Holy Name Society, or the Knights of Columbus. Would not the entire theocracy, urban and agrarian as well, burst into a vast chorus of extempore appeal for heavenly thunderbolts of a Protestant contexture? Would not the uttermost habitat of the Klan sound to high heaven with urgent warnings of the efforts of the Pope of Rome, at last unmasked, to subjugate the hundred million odd non-Catholic population of this land of the free? To ask the question is to answer it.

"Al" Smith, as the Methodist board unmannerly terms New York's popular governor, may be all they say he is. But, despite the disclaimer they file, that the attack on him is not due to religious prejudice, the mere fact that a powerful board of an active and energetic church sees fit to enter a solemn pronouncement, based on the tenets of their creed, as to who is and who may not be an acceptable candidate for the Presidency, is enough to make any honest and unbiased mind wonder to what else it can be attributed. If a gentleman may not be a candidate because he is not acceptable to the Board of Temperance, etc., and if the approbation of that board is necessary to make a candidate acceptable, and further, if, as a consequence that cannot be precluded, other communions, evangelical and non-evangelical in turn, submit a list of their own requirements to which all aspirants to the chief magistracy must measure up—then, it is clear, we are no longer facing a theory, but a fact. Religion has entered politics, and a blow to the entire conception of American government has been administered before and between its very eyes.

Catholics have been accustomed for decades to the charge that with them politics and religion are intermingled without discrimination as to the merits of measures. In this very year an estimable monthly has gone so far as to conduct what it calls an open forum in order to determine the exact extent to which the present Pontiff has gone in seizing the government within a sovereign state, and the discussion has led

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to certain evidence that may or may not have lain within its editors' intention, but which is certainly most illuminating.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., a grandson of the late Senator, goes so far as to say that "Irish Catholics are probably less well organized than any other political group," and compares them strikingly to "the various organizations among certain Protestant sects which can deliver a perfectly solid, unbroken vote on prohibition, and which can compel a majority of our state and national legislators to vote their way, often against their personal inclination." "Your correspondent," Mr. Lodge (who, one hardly needs to be told, is neither Irish, Catholic nor Democrat) goes on to say, referring to another letter on the subject, "hits the nail on the head when she says that 'none is more tolerant of religious differences per se than the average Catholic layman . . . none is more intolerant than the old type of hard-shell Puritan, descendant of those early fanatics who conceived of religious freedom only as hostility to the Papacy.' "

Never, in fact, not even in the distant days to which Mr. Lodge traces back the evil seed of intolerance, has so brazen an attempt been made to identify the policies of a church organization with affairs of state as the action of the Methodist board in its present pronunciamento. Governor Smith may not run for office, it declares, because he does not support and further a particular statute, the subject and matter of which has now become part and parcel of the creed and dogma of a group of churches. He is un-American, say the spokesmen of this group, because he does not support the Constitution, which means, in plain language, that he may wish to change the Constitution from what it now is to what it once was. When these same reverend board members actually changed the same Constitution from what it once was to what it now is, none would have more heatedly resented the implication that, in seeking that change and pleading for it, they too might be considered un-American.

The specific complaint against the governor of New York state is that he does not further what is known as a state enforcement act, i. e., an act to enforce the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment and its "appropriate" legislation in the form of Volsteadism. One might plausibly enquire when, in its most ardent accesses of social indignation the same board has complained of lack of an "act" to assist federal authority in the suppression of counterfeiting, or against the restriction of Negro voting in the South, or to help carry out the purposes of so moral a measure as the Mann act. Does any record exist of a corporate appeal by the Methodist, or Baptist Churches, for special legislation to assist states in controlling the present dreadful wave of homicidal mania, of diminishing the enormous and growing volume of thefts and depredations, of lessening and lightening the black scandal and shame of the fetid American divorce courts? It would really seem that all measures do not require the same coöperation, and the suspicion is in order that it is not prohibition, nor temperance, nor morals at all which are the real concern of the board, but rather control over the lives of the community at large by a church which cries eternally for the right of private judgment, and in the same cry denies the right of any opposition to the latest and dearest article of its shifting creed.

It may be urged in rebuttal that many of the activities to which exception is taken by liberty-loving Americans are those of the Anti-Saloon League and that this league is a body of lay citizens. As an answer, it is quite enough to point to the leaders and supporters of the league, and to the identity between the declarations of these leaders, when they happen to be laymen, and those of the ministers themselves. Not a day passes but the readers of the daily press are told that this or that well-paid agent of the dry forces has addressed a congregational meeting at a regular service in some Methodist church or another. General Andrews himself has announced his intention, as national director of prohibition, to work through the "churches" and through the Young Men's Christian Association, a distinctively evangelical religious group. He, at least, has no doubt where support to the dry forces is massed. If in the pulpits of a particular group the representatives of a particular organization are always to be found, and if the leaders of the organization are the prominent preachers of the group, the names which these activities assume become a matter of very secondary importance. The truth is there, for him who runs to read.

The situation, in a word, is fundamental. The denunciation of Governor Smith is but one more manifestation of an old struggle whose causes lie far below the surface. Men resent now as they have resented in the past a tyranny which seeks to subject them to the religious holdings of any other man, or group of men, whether hired spy, paid director of a theological dictatorship, or simple minister of an evangelical church. They resent it with especial hatred when it comes through forced subjection, designed, as they believe, to meddle with their own religious beliefs and practices, to interfere with those sacred rites to which they hold fast at any cost with unflinching determination.

"Put down those who oppose by force of arms, call out army and navy to carry on our plans," said these representatives of the board of morals and its allies in their Chicago convention, anxious only to see their will imposed on all, their creed crammed down the throats of unwilling, unsympathetic unbelievers. This detestable attempt to commingle church and state is aimed directly at the one feature of American life to which we have ever pointed with most pride. Here we have had no national church. Church and state have gone, each its own way, each seeking its own ends undisturbed. Thus it must continue.

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors
THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council
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BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE GEORGE N. SHUSTER

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WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE the general philosophy of President Coolidge's address to the New York Chamber of Commerce was not startlingly novel, it found expression in a pretty definite statement of the government's attitude toward foreign affairs. American adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice was recommended and endorsed. "Mindful of our determination to avoid all interference in the political affairs which do not concern us, of other nations, I can think of no more reassuring action than the declaration of America that it will whole-heartedly join with others in the support of the tribunal for the administration of international justice which they have created," the President asserted. "I can conceive of nothing that we could do," he added, "which involves assuming so few obligations on our part, that would be likely to prove of so much value to the world." He believed that over and above the practical effect, "which might be somewhat small," there would be "a sentimental effect which would be tremendous." Why? Because it would prove that our "enormous influences" supported "the enlightening processes of civilization."

THE tenor of this declaration is relatively peculiar. Mr. Coolidge, frugal of mind, seems to regard the Court as something which will pay very large dividends upon a small investment. Apparently it interests him because it is "safe." But we have some difficulty in persuading ourselves that an enterprise which is not practical nor dedicated to the settlement of concrete tasks can ever afford great leverage for our "enormous influences." If the Court is a contribution merely to the "enlightening processes," why not send over half-a-dozen professors and so avoid a great deal of bothersome argument? But obviously Mr. Coolidge spoke with one ear intent upon the approaching congressional debate, in which will be made manifest whatever opposition to American coöperation with Europe is still alive. No doubt the Senate will pass the measure, if it comes up for vote, only after heated discussion, and one may reasonably expect that still other reservations than those specified by the Harding-Hughes proposal will figure in any law that shall arrange for adherence by the United States to the World Court.

AFTER three months of continued inactivity in the anthracite fields, the public is once more calling for federal action. We believe there might well have been such action, in so far as seizure and distribution of available stocks was concerned, but anything like federal management would admittedly be a nostrum. Father Curran, who knows the situation through and through and who aided Roosevelt in 1902, advocates no such legislative measure. He finds that the chief point at issue is an increase of miners' wages, and adds —"I am in favor of putting a little more upon the retail price of coal to cover the increase in pay. I feel that the American people would be willing to pay for this increase." In other words, Father Curran considers the strike wholly an industrial problem to be settled by the parties at issue. Apparently, they are no nearer to an agreement, though with the passing of time it has become somewhat easier to sum up the situation. The operators counter Father Curran's stand on the wage controversy by declaring that any increase in the price would push the public still farther towards the use of substitute fuels. They aver that in some districts nearly half of their trade has already been lost due to the high market figure of anthracite.

EVEN though these statements cannot be denied, it is quite clear that the advance in price has been due to expensive transportation and distribution costs rather than to wages. There is no reason, in all fairness, why the miner should be penalized so that the workers in associate industries may profit. Again, the hard coal market suffers from nothing so much as from periods of inactivity. The present strike has taught more people the use of substitute fuels than would have been learned about them otherwise in a half century. If the operators really are worried about the future of their industry, they should make up their minds that the periodical crippling of their business by labor strife must cease. And their good faith will be evident when they begin to display an interest, first in the findings of the Federal Coal Commission, and secondly in the general principles of coöperative production which have been sponsored by American labor as a whole. Meanwhile the public is not convinced that a way out of the situation cannot be found; and while

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the public waits, it will come more and more to feel for the miner, who suffers as the wealthy are never in any danger of suffering, and whose privations, even when self-imposed, compel sympathy.

THE death toll of the great influenza epidemic which followed the Armistice is vaguely known to have been very heavy, but figures which have only just been published, and which are based on researches which guarantee at least comparative accuracy, reveal the fact that it was far heavier than was popularly supposed. The figure arrived at—20,000,000—is positively staggering. Since the Black Death ravaged Europe, and, incidentally, paved the way to the Reformation by the havoc it wrought among priests and religious, there has been no parallel to this. Still more disquieting is an apprehension, only too well founded, that the visitation may be repeated, and that medical science has as yet found no positive specific, reliable in all cases, with which to combat it on the sweeping scale called for by the danger. General inoculation, having regard to the territory to be covered and the stupidity, fatalism and ignorance of so many backward races and people, seems almost impossible. Gas masks for everyone were suggested at the height of the panic, and something of the sort was worn in hospitals, but it is not easy to contemplate a world entirely gas-masked. Nor are anti-bacillic gases such as chlorine of much more avail. Some prophylactic is badly needed, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the devotees of research who are at work in our hospitals and laboratories will have discovered it before another influenza epidemic arrives.

IF pride in achievement has anything to do with keeping ships on the sea, America should rise to the occasion after the burning of the Lenape. It was quiet and dark when flames were detected in the hold; there were hundreds of inexperienced passengers on board; and crews are not always reliable in an emergency. The horror of the sea's immensity comes home fiercely when the two elements snarl at each other in the fury of a battle to the death. But Captain Devereaux was master, not only of himself but of everyone on board. A sterling crew fought for the saving hours which would permit beaching the ship in quiet waters, so that the risk of life-boat rescue would be eliminated as far as possible. They fought on a narrow margin, while the men in the engine-room gasped and their officers staggered through the heat. The rescuing ships gathered their human cargo from the shell of a floating volcano, with all the dramatic verve of firemen saving people in upper windows of a house afire. It was just barely done. But it was done, without hysterics or selfishness. Like every great moment in the story of human courage, this one ticked out its sixty anxious seconds to the last. Fate, which hangs on a hair, was kind; and at the end only an accidental casualty robbed the victory of a bloodless record. Perhaps not many men would like to risk a chance to resemble Jim Bludso as nearly as engineer Gaudet did. Yet it is apparent once again that the lure of danger and great things to be done is on the high seas, where men may go if they relish battle, with bright dreams of the honor which adds new lustre to the flag they follow.

"TRADUTTORE—traditore!" — translators are traitors, says an old Italian proverb widely quoted. Whether so sweeping a charge can be justly extended to editors must depend on the merits of specific cases, but there is only too much reason to fear that its extension to cover them could be justified. The edition of Monsignor Hugh Benson's Upper Room, recently issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, seems a case in point; and on the mere facts it quotes, the Philadelphia Standard and Times (which goes so far as to term the incident an "indecency" and "amazing impudence") calls for a public reply. Briefly recapitulated, the charge of the Philadelphia organ is that out of 460 lines in the new edition, 180 are not Benson's at all—that in 280 lines, alterations have been made involving entire phrases—in a word that "the play is not merely rewritten: it is completely changed." The reason underlying the new glozes becomes apparent when they are examined. "The Eucharist is no longer the Body of Christ, it is 'a pledge.' The primacy of Peter is carefully eliminated. The word 'priest' is changed into 'angel.' The sacred chalice becomes 'the wine-cup.'" And so on. Still more amazing in its effrontery is an evident desire to meet Protestant susceptibilities by eliminating the Mother of Sorrows altogether. In spite of the dead author's express words in his prologue that his play is "most of all of Mary," the Virgin Mother "only appears once in the tableau at the end of the last act."

WHAT the reader will get in fact and what the dramatist will produce, if the new edition be followed, is not Monsignor Benson's devout and reverent recreation of the old devotional Passion Play, but a Protestant edition that has been denatured to suit the palate that cannot savor Catholic meat, but is ready enough, as witness the books upon Christ's life and death that are pouring from the press, to exploit the dramatic possibilities of the Gospel story, softened by taking out all its dogmatic implications. The answer will probably be made, and with considerable plausibility, that by so doing a wider public is reached; that those who care for it, have Monsignor Benson's early edition at their service; and that a foreword to the present edition admits changes made to enhance the dramatic possibilities of the play. Such a reply, if made, will evade the real injustice against which the Philadelphia paper utters its timely protest. In the first place, probably not one in a hundred readers (even Catholic readers) will have any idea how vital the changes are. In the second place, the injustice is

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committed against a dead author, who is not there to protest for himself, and whose whole life and writings prove that the sort of conformity with the worldly spirit and commercial expediency of which this new version of his play is a glaring example was, of all things on earth, the most repugnant to his singular character—uncompromising almost to intransigence.

OLD lines of thought are so often leading us nowhere these days that anyone who opens up a new one deserves at least a word of recognition. In any case, this will serve to introduce the Reverend Christian F. Reisner, of the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church, Broadway, New York, who, in his sermon a Sunday or two ago, shattered the theory, held by a good many unregenerate and unslaked workers that the employing classes had anything to do with prohibition. "If the rich favored it," asks Dr. Reisner, with all the air of propounding the unanswerable, "why do they guzzle so commonly now?" The endless possibilities of this line of reasoning in allaying popular discontent will appeal to everyone. In game-law ridden England, for instance, it might very reasonably be objected that the man-traps and trespass boards set across pheasant preserves were not likely to have been set there at the order of the rich, who are notoriously fond of a bit of shooting themselves. Cuts in wages, which are proposed from time to time even in prosperous America, will have a good deal of the sting taken out of them once it is shown that they cannot possibly be the work of directors whose personal preference is for more instead of less money year by year. But, indeed, one might go on indefinitely multiplying the implications of Dr. Reisner's remarkable theory. It has every advantage as a social solvent, and only one drawback. Which is that it is sheer nonsense.

"HAVE you a little fairy in your home?" is a question which once again touches upon poetry. Then learn to regard her as a literary possibility. The little girl sent tripping off to school may hide in her bosom a gift that will make her another Nathalia Crane. Nathalia—aged twelve, as everybody must know by this time—sits at the typewriter and waits until words come that transfigure the family circle, and make even the "three-cornered lot" Shakespearean. She writes them herself—or she doesn't write them herself. There has been considerable speculation about the matter, to which we can add nothing of value. As Mr. John Farrar remarked, with the bluff directness of the younger generation, "I read her poetry, and I can say it's fine. If she says she wrote it—that's enough for me!" Indeed, what more could any reputable man desire? Books, pictures, neighbors, meals; everything is the body of Nathalia's imagination. There are some who look for an explanation in the subconscious, while others have been rereading Trilby with scientific attention. Obviously, granting sufficient technical mastery, childhood is in possession of some essential poetic gifts. Could anyone hope to be more fanciful than a child? Could even a grey poet declare that his sense of rhythm is as spontaneous as it was when first he learned to know the wings of language? One strange question, however, obtrudes itself. Why does the world forget its child poets so very quickly? They tiptoe out, bow, and are gone. Even the anthologies treasure no sprig of rosemary from their hands. An oversight? Possibly. But difficult though it may be to define poetry, that portion of it which is treasured for long seems to have garnered wisdom and ripe emotion for its essence. An aging Virgil wishes to burn his work after twenty years, while a little girl can hardly wait to get hers off the typewriter.

IT seems to be the rule these days that a new ancient skull—if the term "new" may be applied to something which, in the nature of things can hardly be very fresh—should be turned up for us every month at least, and gravely assigned its place in the evolutionary ladder by some leading craniologist. The well known firm of Lloyds is erecting new offices in London, and in course of digging the foundations a considerable portion of a human skull was found. After examination, Professor Smith, a noted authority in such matters, declares that while it reveals characteristics which closely resemble those of neanderthaloid man, it is nevertheless clearly a skull belonging to the type usually called homo sapiens. The judgment may be sound, but we dislike its implication. Considering that neanderthal man believed in a future life, and quite possibly said his prayers, that he was a good workman and had a head as large or larger than ours, it is rather a slur upon his character to be looked upon (per contra) as homo insipiens. "Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus." If we are to judge by his views on life beyond the tumulus, the neanderthaloid man was, at any rate, not this sort of an insipiens.

WITH the passing away of Clara Morris, the American stage loses one of the figures that added lustre to its annals during the distinguished period of great theatrical stars, lasting from 1870 to 1890. Her real name was Morrison; her native city, Toronto, Canada, where she was born in 1849; and her girlhood and education belong to Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Morris was always a highly creditable member of her profession: she had enjoyed the fine training of Augustin Daly, and derived from that master of stagecraft the remarkable qualities of naturalness, simplicity and perfect enunciation that are so conspicuously lacking in our theatre of today. A whole generation of playgoers thrilled at her highly emotional portrayals of Camille, Miss Multon and Jane Eyre. America never witnessed anything at all equivalent until the arrival here of Eleanora Duse. Clara Morris struggled for years

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with ill-health, and in later years became totally blind. Her novels and notably her Stage Confidences, published in 1902, give the highly interesting story of a long life devoted to an art which, to our sorrow, seems to have lost its greater figures and fallen into a temporary decline.

THERE is a sombre dignity in the rites with which England has mourned the passing of the Dowager Queen Alexandra. We, across whose national life the pathos of a reigning caste throws no similar shadow, read of the hush, the tolling of great bells and the omnipresent mourning as if these things were being done in a world remote in time and place, where the old "mentem mortalia tangunt" of the poet is chanted with regal pomp under arches dim in purple gloom. Queen Alexandra cannot always have been happy, but she was truly good. The English, who accepted her from a foreign court quite as they would have accepted any other woman, a little curiously, have parted with her sadly, mindful of the charity which gives a crown its most radiant splendor and of the human pain that makes all classes kin. A lesson is written on her tomb, of course—the lesson which Jeremy Taylor read from all princely monuments—"where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to dying like men." But there is, perhaps, a still more abiding note in the symbol of regal life and death, which we Americans may venerate without coveting it for ourselves. It is the note of humanity which a cherished prince or princess brings into the business of government, declaring by their very joys and sorrows that sovereignty is not a device nor a machine, but the interweaving of human hearts in a great scheme for the common glory.

ANGLICANS AND UNION

THE struggle of the English Church to arrive at some principle and practice of unity should not go unnoticed in this country. The facts of a manifold spiritual affiliation, as well as the duty of charity, oblige us to feel some concern with a religious situation which is steadily getting further beyond control even while heroic efforts are being made to coördinate the machinery. During the seventeenth century, Bishop Hooker confronted a somewhat similar condition; but he and other men could much more easily find a remedy because the principle of authority was then recognized, and because the Catholic Church was utterly out of the question. At present we can only wonder that, in the face of an almost hopeless disorganization, the will for unity should be so strong. The London Times, in announcing that the joint committee of Anglicans and Free Churchmen agreed that no useful purpose can be served by continuing the meetings at Lambeth, frankly voices its disappointment. It believes the reason can be found in the fact that the rank and file have not been able to keep up with their ecclesiastical leaders. "The arguments that have convinced those who met at Lambeth need stating, and explaining and reiterating in every town and village," says the Times. "A great campaign of enlightenment is wanted. Time presses; the days in which we live are not ordinary. The forces of disruption and destruction are active. The power of construction, of coöperation, of the ingemination of reason and a right view of human relationships that would spring from a united Christianity within our land is enormous."

But is such unity feasible at all? The Free churches cling to their interpretation of the religious revolution and the break then made with Catholic tradition; the High churches have become so definitely ritualistic that Dr. Stone even ventured to advocate, before a synod, the reëstablishment of the Feast of Corpus Christi. Strife between the two tendencies has waxed intensely bitter, and many have threatened to bring ritualists to time by means of parliamentary mandate. In the House of Commons, Sir Edward Clarke declared that "a communion of Christians who can come to no agreement about the ceremonial of the holiest and most solemn form of worship, is not a church but a conglomeration of sects at war with each other." But though Parliament once brought into being the "Established Church," it is too sane to attempt any settlement of the contemporary controversy. What could it do? While the Protestant factions do not hesitate to accuse the High-church movement of "Bolshevism," they must meet the obvious retort that historically considered it is they who have been consistent Bolshevists. And so the very logical Mr. Geoffrey Milton, writing in the Sunday Express, says—"I cannot arouse myself to the slightest enthusiasm for the Book of Common Prayer or for the Reformation; the second is certainly an example of an orgy of plunder, murder and adultery without an equal in history."

And so the contest rages on. Some Anglican bishops are avowed traditionalists, worried a little perhaps by the question of valid orders, but eager to emphasize that revival of the authentic Christian past, which meant so much to the Tractarians; others are out and out modernists, sacrificing even essential dogmas in the hope of convincing the modern mind that Christ's millennial doctrine can be improved—by them—in the twentieth century. Very likely the High-church movement to promote unity with eastern schismatic churches and even with the Catholic Church, is actuated less by a desire to rid Anglicanism of its insularity than by the realization that no agreement can be reached with other English tendencies. But what are its prospects of success? In so far as the eastern schismatics are concerned, the Times was at some pains to rejoice over the participation of certain orthodox

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prelates, including the patriarchs of Alexandria and Jerusalem, in the observance of the Nicean centenary at Westminster Abbey. But The Churchman responded by calling the event a "parade," and Bishop Barnes, preaching at the same Westminster Abbey, went out of his way to declare episcopacy unessential and to describe the Mass as a corrupted form of heathen mystery-cult.

This same question of episcopacy was stressed by Lord Halifax upon his return from this year's conferences at Malines. He tried to make the point that the primacy of the Popes was to be viewed as a kind of "emanation" from the general episcopal power—a mistake that was at once adequately pointed out by English Catholics. Without going into the question of what is the actual character of Lord Halifax's endeavor, one is practically compelled by the evidence to concede, with Cardinal Bourne, that the matter of Anglican corporate reunion with the Catholic Church is a "side-issue." Were a really great man—as great as Newman—to step from the ranks of Anglicanism, he might lead a considerable number with him towards Catholicism. But he would have to use Newman's method: charity, but rigorous historical logic; accommodation in psychology, but definiteness in dogma. The inherent English religious weakness seems to be the want of respect for religious authority among the masses, rather than a lack of good will on the part of some. And towards the remedying of this malady nothing is likely to contribute much excepting the earnest prayer that harassed Anglicans may be led by the "fiat voluntas tua" to accept as no less binding the mandates of the one Church Christ builded on earth.

CELESTIAL VISITORS

ENGLISH papers inform us of the arrival at Aberdeen, per ship (not its usual rapid method of transit) of a meteorite weighing no less than seven tons, which will probably be added to a collection of over five hundred such specimens in the South Kensington Museum. It was found in Greenland, and incidentally one may pay a tribute to Providence for its forbearance in directing this monstrous missile upon the one section of the world where its arrival would be likely to do least damage. The newly found example is not the largest known to exist. Mexico records one of fifty tons, and the late Commander Peary brought one, also from Greenland, which weighed thirty-six and one-half tons. No one saw these fall, but there is no reasonable doubt that they were meteorites. The largest actually seen to fall was one of about a quarter of a ton, in Hungary.

Naturally meteorites of this size coming from a great distance and with tremendous impetus are capable of doing immense damage. The wonder is that it is so seldom that they hit anything living or even any structure. There are occasional instances, however. In 1912, Lloyd's signaling station at Finisterre was wrecked by a meteorite and there is a story that one once fell between two carters talking to one another on the road near Chansonville without injuring either. Of course many smaller fragments of celestial matter reach the surface of the earth, and it is said by astronomers that 2,000,000 fragments large enough to be seen as shooting stars enter our atmosphere every day. For shooting stars are simply small meteorites which on entering our atmosphere become white hot by friction and are dissipated in dust, some of which probably falls on our planet. The general thing is for the larger meteorite to burst into fragments with a loud explosion when it enters that part of our atmosphere—very rarefied at that range—about fifty miles from the surface of the earth. The largest fragment of this kind which is known to have fallen in England is a specimen from Bridlington in the collection mentioned above which weighs fifty-six pounds.

According to the observations and calculations made by the late very distinguished astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, all these things were once part of our earth; were blown into space by some terrific volcanic effort in ages remote beyond calculation; and are, therefore, only coming home again. Their make-up is similar to that of the earth; that is, they have no new elements in them, being as a rule largely composed of nickel-iron, as are all the bodies in the universe with which we are acquainted. Nebulium is the one extra element which is not known on earth. But then it must be remembered that when helium was first discovered in the sun, and named after it, it was equally unknown on earth. It is, of course, now known to exist as a natural gas, and as it is only a little heavier than hydrogen and possesses the invaluable quality of being non-inflammable, it is employed for inflating dirigible airships.

Many persons will remember that the late Lord Kelvin, trying to account for the existence of life on this planet, suggested that spores might have been brought from other planets by meteorites, thus merely pushing back the difficulty of the origin of life to another planet. Many have thought that the intense cold of outer space (in the neighborhood of 273 degrees below zero) the intense heat as the meteorite hurtled through our atmosphere; and the ultra-violet rays of the stars, would between them have destroyed any such life germs. Two French observers have recently claimed to have actually discovered such germs on meteorites, but their observations will require much confirmation before they can be credited. If Ball was right and no meteorites ever come from other planets, but all originally belonged to this earth, it would mean that for untold ages they had carried about germs once belonging to this earth and originating on it at a time when no existence was at all likely. It seems a very improbable tale.

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THE INTERNATIONAL LEDGER

By JOHN A. RYAN

EUROPEAN ill-feeling toward the United States, arising out of our apparently harsh and unbending attitude toward our European debtors, has happily been somewhat softened in consequence of the settlement with Italy.

According to the news garnered from the cable despatches, the Italian people are practically unanimous in their expressions of appreciation and gratitude for the liberal terms accorded their country in the debt funding arrangement. The unfriendly attitude of the French people seems to have been somewhat mitigated by the possibility, if not the hope, that their loan may ultimately be adjusted as liberally as was that of Italy. In the following paragraphs, the attempt will be made to show that such a settlement is demanded by considerations of equity, economics and international friendship and peace.

According to the recent settlement, the Italian debt, including interest since the loan was made, is funded in the sum of $2,042,000,000; payment is to be spread over a period of sixty-two years; and the total amount to be received from Italy is $2,407,000,000. This is a considerably more generous adjustment than that given to either Great Britain or Belgium. The total amount to be paid by the former country is two and two-fifths times the funded principal, while the total amount due from Belgium is one and one-half times the funded principal. Total payments made by Italy, however, will exceed the funded principal by less than one-fifth.

In other words, the excess above the principal to be paid by Italy in the course of sixty-two years represents an annual interest rate of less than one-third of 1 percent. These terms are likewise much more generous than those which were offered by the French debt commission, but rejected by the American commission. Had they been accepted, France would have been obligated to pay one and one-half times the funded principal.

The reason given for the favorable terms accorded to Italy, in contrast with those demanded from France, is that Italy is a very poor country. Her capacity to pay, it is said, is much inferior to that of France. The day after the settlement was made, the American commission informed us that it had "made a most exhaustive examination of Italy's fiscal and economic situation." Obviously, that procedure represented common sense. Was or was it not followed in the negotiations with the French commission? Did the American commission give adequate consideration to the French capacity to pay? If it did so, it refrained from emphasizing the fact in its communications to the press. If it arrived at the conclusion that the capacity of France to pay was so much greater than that of Italy as to justify rejection of the French proposals, there was something vitally lacking in its study.

In the summary of Italy's fiscal condition, presented by the commission from that country, we are told that after deducting the minimum cost of living, the per capita income of France is two and one-half times that of Italy. Does that necessarily mean that the debt-paying capacity of the two countries stands in that ratio? By no means. The combined foreign and domestic debt of Frence is two and one-quarter times that of Italy. Her annual expenditures are more than two and one-half times those of Italy. The population of the latter is less than half a million under that of France. Hence, it would seem that the excess in the French national income is fully offset by the excess in the French annual obligations and expenditures. Nor is this all.

In 1924, the Italian national budget almost, if not quite, balanced, while the deficit in the French budget was 16,500,000,000 francs, or more than one-third of the total expenditure for that year. That is to say, the amount of money collected as revenue by the French government last year was 16,500,000,000 francs less than the amount paid out. As in all the years since the war began, the deficit has been made up by borrowing. An adequate statement of the reasons for the continuous and huge deficit cannot be given in this place. Two suggestive facts may, however, be mentioned: before the war, the public debt of France was the largest in the world; and the expenditures since the war on account of pensions, war damages to property and reconstruction of the devastated areas, have amounted to 129,000,000,000 francs, or almost one-half of the total domestic debt of the country.

In the face of these appalling facts, we are told that France can pay her debt to the United States to the same extent and on the same terms as Great Britain, because France is a "prosperous country." The premises from which this conclusion is drawn seem to run about as follows—"France owes the United States money; France is prosperous enough to pay the United States money; therefore, France ought to pay her debt in full."

In other words, these critics do not take the trouble to analyze the nature and extent of French "prosperity," or to compare it with the precise amounts which they think that France can pay. As a matter of fact, French prosperity and business activity has for several years been based entirely upon credit and currency inflation. It is of exactly the same kind as that which characterized Germany in the years 1920 to 1922. Just as we were then assured by returning

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travelers that Germany was fully able to make large reparation payments to the Allies because of her great "prosperity," so we are now assured by tourists, casual thinkers and other amateur economists that French "prosperity" is adequate to the payment of the French debt. The obvious refutation of all this slipshod reasoning is that the current prosperity in France is not sufficient to enable the French government to meet its domestic obligations and to balance its budget.

"Ah, but this could be done if only the French people would pay higher taxes." To this easy and ignorant generalization, the sufficient reply is that the French people are already paying in national taxes 19 percent of the national income. The taxes for national purposes levied in Great Britain are only 18.5 percent of the national income, while those collected in the United States for all governmental purposes, national, state and local, were in 1923, only 11.5 percent of our national income. Undoubtedly, French taxes could be and must be increased, but it is utterly incorrect to say that they are low as compared with other countries.

"If France would cut down her enormous military expenditures, she could balance her budget and pay her foreign debts." This assertion is quite as general and slipshod as that about French "prosperity." It fails to examine the specific amount of the French deficit and the specific amount of money that might be saved by curtailing expenditures upon the French military and naval establishment. The total deficit is 16,500,000,000 francs. The total military expenditures are 7,600,000,000 francs. If the whole amount of money spent on the French army and navy were somehow withheld, it would still fail of balancing the budget by about 9,000,000,000 francs.

"But France could pay to the United States a part, say 25 percent, of the amount which it now expends upon its military establishment and for the prosecution of imperialistic wars." Here, as always, the answer is, the unbalanced budget. So long as a country cannot pay its annual domestic obligations out of its annual revenues, it is not in a position to make substantial payments to foreigners. It can do so only by borrowing, and that is not a sound or practicable policy. We may take it as axiomatic that France cannot begin to pay instalments on her debt to the United States until her budget is balanced. This principle is recognized in the Dawes plan, which provides that Germany shall not be held to any reparation payments until a surplus exists above the necessary domestic expenditures. In other words, Germany will pay no reparations during any year in which her domestic budget does not balance.

How much, then, is France able to pay? The first part of the answer is that she cannot safely pay anything for a period of years, say four or five, during which she must endeavor to balance her budget by reducing expenditures and increasing revenues. The enormous difficulty of performing this feat can be inferred from the drastic taxation proposals which are now before the French parliament. They include a capital levy, something that no other government in any country has dared to propose in modern times. The baffling character of the difficulty may, however, be more accurately understood from the study and the suggestions contained in chapter nine of The French Debt Problem, by Moulton and Lewis.

In the opinion of these writers, the deficits in the French budget for the coming year will be 18,000,000,000 francs. The first step toward wiping it out is to check inflation, by means of high interest rates and the outright restriction of loans, and also by discontinuing reconstruction work in the devastated areas. Since the amount spent in the last fiscal year for reconstruction was 8,000,000,000 francs, the elimination of that item alone would reduce the deficit to 10,000,000,000 francs. The expenditures for civil services cannot be lessened by any considerable amount. The same is true of the payments on account of pensions. Military expenditures could not be reduced more than 20 percent, "in the absence of a security pact and an international agreement for a reduction of armaments."

According to Moulton and Lewis, it is difficult to see how total expenditures could be reduced by more than 2,000,000,000 francs. Adding this amount to the 8,000,000,000 which might be saved by withholding money for reconstruction work, and subtracting the sum from the 18,000,000,000 deficit, we have a remainder of 8,000,000,000 which can be cancelled only by an increase of taxation or a reduction in the interest paid to the holders of government bonds, or by both methods. The only tax increases that seem worth considering are a special surtax on high incomes and heavier levies upon bankers. They would not yield more than 1,500,000,000 francs. If, however, the various rates of interest on the various kinds of government bonds and short-term notes were reduced to 2 percent, there would be a reduction in the government outlay of about 6,500,000,000 francs. By these two methods, the deficit could be wiped out. Refunding of government bonds and a capital levy are considered and rejected as substitutes for the reduction in interest charges.

This drastic proposal for the reduction of the annual interest payments to all the French holders of government bonds and notes, is the most eloquent testimony that could be desired to the desperate character of the fiscal condition of France. And yet, it would merely balance the domestic budget. It would not provide anything for payment on the French foreign debts. To be sure, if the process were carried further than suggested by Moulton and Lewis, and the interest rates to French bond-holders were reduced to 1 percent, or to nothing at all, a considerable sum would become available for that purpose. Some of the critics of France have, indeed, contended that the

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French government should pay its foreign creditors before its domestic creditors. In the regions of abstract ethical theory, some kind of case could possibly be made out for that contention. Nevertheless, we have no record of any people or any government thus preferring the foreigner to themselves. Imagine the enthusiastic reception that would be accorded the suggestion that the interest on United States Liberty Bonds should be reduced to 2 percent, for any purpose whatever!

According to Moulton and Lewis, the only alternative to this unprecedented and severe measure is continued inflation of the currency and indefinite decline in the value of the franc. As happened in Germany, the ultimate result of this process would be the wiping out of all domestic debts, both public and private. This would be "the line of least resistance. But it is also the line of maximum cost and sacrifice." It would not be deliberately brought about by any modern government. If, as is not at all unlikely, it comes to pass in France, the impelling cause will be precisely the same as that which produced a like disaster in Germany. As a consequence of continued borrowing and continued currency inflation to meet continually mounting expenses, the value of the franc will sink to zero, simply because the government has found itself, or thought itself, unable to prevent the catastrophe by the adoption of such drastic and revolutionary measures as those proposed by Moulton and Lewis.

Should any reader raise the question, why so much reliance is placed on the opinion and estimates set forth in The French Debt Problem, the answer is that the principal author is the same Dr. Harold G. Moulton who in 1921, with John F. Bass, wrote America and the Balance Sheet of Europe, and in 1923, with Dr. Constantine E. McGuire, produced Germany's Capacity to Pay. Both these books sharply challenged the prevailing opinion that Germany was able to pay enormous sums by way of reparations to the Allies. In both instances, Dr. Moulton was roundly accused of being "pro-German." His vindication came within a very short time when the Dawes commission was appointed, and when its findings confirmed every one of Dr. Moulton's statements concerning Germany's inability to make the reparation payments demanded by France and Great Britain. Until his analysis and conclusions about the French fiscal situation are refuted by specific facts and arguments, he can afford to be complacent under the charge that he has turned "pro-French." His vindication may come even sooner than the vindication which followed his books on the German fiscal conditions of 1920 to 1923.

In the light of the foregoing analysis, the conclusion seems warranted that France should receive the same terms of debt settlement as those which have been given to Italy; that is, a practical moritorium for five years, and gradually increasing payments for the remaining fifty-seven years, so that the total amount returned to the United States would be about 20 percent in excess of the funded principal, or a total of about $6,000,000,000. In view of these liberal conditions as to annual instalments and total payment, the French government could afford to abstain from insistence upon a so-called "security clause" in the agreement.

Such a settlement would be good business for the United States, as well as for France; for the alternatives are: further decline in French credit and in the value of the franc, which will render impossible the recovery of anything from France for a long term of years; or a settlement made under the compulsion of fear, which will, indeed, promise larger payments, but which will be impossible of execution. In either case, the net result will be a smaller amount paid to the United States than might be obtained under the kind of adjustment that has been made with Italy.

Indeed, there is something unreal about large receipts forthcoming half a century hence. What practical difference does it make to this generation whether Italy, as the settlement requires, pays 73,000,000 fifty-six years from now, or only 7,000,000, or nothing at all? The greater part of the Italian payments are to be made subsequent to a date which is now forty-five years distant. Why should we get excited about money that we cannot begin to collect until that far-off time?

To give France the benefit of the same terms that have been accorded Italy would greatly promote the prestige of the United States in Europe, good will between our country and France, and the practice of international charity. As things are, there is grave danger that we shall be accused, and rightly, of the same lack of charity which was properly charged to France in her treatment of Germany during the years 1920 to 1924. During that period, the French government insisted that Germany was able to make the impossible reparation payments required by the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles, and the no less iniquitous London Agreement of May, 1921. Today, everyone who knows anything, knows that the French government was wrong, and probably knew that it was wrong.

Every economist who has studied the question now knows that France cannot for many years to come pay to the United States the amounts which American politicians and other uninformed Americans contend that she is able to pay. All Americans who put forth this contention are guilty of exactly the same uncharity which characterized Frenchmen in their attitude toward Germany's capacity to pay reparations in the years immediately preceding the appointment of the Dawes commission. Possibly this attitude of Americans toward France exemplifies retributive justice upon that country for her treatment of Germany. But do Americans really wish to usurp those functions of vindictive justice which God has claimed for Himself?

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CHESTERTON'S MASTERPIECE

THE EVERLASTING MAN

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

(The following articles, by Sir Bertram Windle and Theodore Maynard, are reviews and appreciations of the most important book as yet written by Mr. Chesterton: The Everlasting Man, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.)

PERHAPS medical men do not talk much about "alteratives" today, but not many years ago they were much concerned with this breed of drugs. The name sufficiently defines their supposed action in "altering" the ways of some froward organ and bringing it back to normal paths. Mr. Chesterton's book is a powerful "alterative," and the drug which is its most active ingredient is the reductio ad absurdum. How many mental constitutions will be benefited by partaking of the medicine exhibited, none can say, but no one can study this book without feeling that its powerful argument and close reasoning, as well as its brilliant flashes of wit, ought to be effective in the case of intelligent and impartial persons. "What is the disease?" may be asked after this exordium. An example will explain, and it shall not be one given by Mr. Chesterton, but one taken from a book written by a man who has contributed largely to the advancement of prehistoric studies. It gives his idea of early man.

> Man's voice at that time was probably not an articulate voice, but a jabber, a shout, a roar. A shriek or groan of pain is heard—a shout of alarm or a roar of fury. Loud hilarious sounds as of strange laughing are heard; and quick, jabbering, threatening sounds of quarreling. Coughing is heard, but no sound of fear, or hate, or love is expressed in articulate words.

Further on he says a great deal about the hairy individuals who cannot talk; in fact their color, their contours and their entire life story are detailed as if they were a living race of savages on some Pacific isle. Will it be believed that all this story is built upon a few bones and a few stones shaped by the hand of man? That is the kind of fancy set down as fact which Mr. Chesterton attacks in the first part of his book. His sample quotation is from some worthy who tells the world that prehistoric man "wore no clothes" —a strange fancy to draw from the same sources—stones and bones—and regardless of the fact that clothes can hardly have been expected to survive for thousands of years as these harder substances have. What is really known about these earliest men is that they had skulls at least as large as, and often larger than our own; that they could and did make admirably shaped implements out of flint, which proves that they had the hands of trained artisans, and that they believed in a future life since they buried their dead with food, implements and red ochre, all for use in the future life—the last probably that the deceased might parade there sufficiently adorned. Mr. Chesterton declares that the kind of rubbish which he attacks arises from the habit of thinking that early man was a recently evolved animal and reading into his remains what might be imagined to be the activities of such a being. His "alterative" is to say—"Come, let us think of him as an animal and see how what we know of him tallies with that idea."

Let us first of all abstract from disjecta membra, like the Trinil skull whose one-time possessor has received the resounding name of pithecanthropus erectus. That fragment boldly described by most writers in the English language as belonging to a man, is equally boldly declared to be no more than that of an ape by most writers in the German language; and as something betwixt and between by most writers in the French language. Since all these cohorts consist of men of real fame it must be obvious to any impartial observer that the bone of contention in question is not one upon which should be built—as have been built—towers of pretentious information nor "reconstructions," in which, as Mr. Chesterton remarks, "every hair of his head is numbered."

Setting aside such things and coming to what is known as occurring in sufficient masses to justify a legitimate opinion, the facts mentioned above appear. Animals, were they? Well, as the author asks, were monkeys ever known to inter their dead—still more, to inter them ceremonially—still more, to bury nuts with them for their use in the forests of the hereafter?

Where again is a monkey, or any other animal, found making the faintest attempt at delineating his fellow creatures? Nowhere of course, yet the successors of the early men under discussion adorned the caves of Spain and of South France with pictures of the animals of their period which excite the admiration of modern artists; and their envy, when they consider the very inadequate outfit with which these early craftsmen were provided. And as Mr. Chesterton well says, art is "the signature of man," his hallmark and nothing else.

To talk of an animal in this connection is ridiculous nonsense; or to suppose that people capable of such ideas as the immortality of the soul, and of such works as those of the cave artists, were half beasts, incapable of talking to one another, is so preposterous that one cannot imagine such an idea occurring to any instructed mind. When one adopts the author's plan and looks at man as an animal, all the picture is out

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of drawing, for man is always man, "and there's an end on't."

I must leave the consideration of the greater part of the first section of the book merely by saying that in the description and analysis of so-called primitive religions, philosophies, devil-worships—the pantheons of Greece and Rome and the later "mystery" religions, which hung like clouds round the dawn and early light of Christianity—the reader will find matter so interesting and so admirably dealt with as to captivate the mind and fill the imagination. Throughout this and the second part of the book there is constant evidence of what someone has said about the author—that he has an unrivaled power of seeing the obvious. To the superficial reader that may seem to be anything but a compliment, but it is about as high a one as can well be paid, since it should be clear to all who think that a very large proportion of writers wholly fail to see the simple explanations which lie right beneath their noses in their frantic search for the unusual.

The author's piercing obviousness is displayed in his treatment of the mystery of the Holy Trinity; the Oxford Movement; and comparative anatomy—surely diverse subjects.

Little space is left to speak of part two, incomparably the more important, since it deals with the second Man. The first man, of the earth earthy, was a cave-dweller as we know. One often forgets that the second Man, of the heavens heavenly, began His career on earth in a cave and that is the striking thought with which Mr. Chesterton commences his study. I am sure that no one who reads this study, especially the chapter entitled The Strangest Story, will quarrel with the statement that no more arresting account in brief of the Gospel has even been set down in print.

> The truth is that it is the image of Christ in the churches that is almost entirely mild and merciful. It is the image of Christ in the Gospels that is a good many other things as well. The figure in the Gospels does indeed utter in words of almost heart-breaking beauty His pity for our broken hearts. But they are very far from being the only sort of words which He utters . . . The popular imagery carries a great deal to excess the sentiment of "gentle Jesus meek and mild." . . . While the art may be insufficient, I am not sure that the instinct is unsound. In any case there is something appalling, something that makes the blood run cold, in the idea of having a statue of Christ in wrath. There is something insupportable even to the imagination in the idea of turning the corner of a street or coming out into the spaces of a market-place, to meet the petrifying petrifaction of that figure as it turned upon a generation of vipers, or that face as it looked at the face of a hypocrite.

Mr. Chesterton has, it seems to this reviewer, who is tolerably familiar with his writings, given us the best thing that he has yet produced—for his reception into the Church seems to have implanted in him a new assurance, and in his sayings, a new pungency. It is a book which no thinking man can afford to neglect. It will undoubtedly run into further editions and the opportunity of the next should be taken to correct the over-numerous misprints and omissions of short words which disfigure the present one, and to add an index.

THE NEWMAN OF A NEW AGE

By THEODORE MAYNARD

THE EVERLASTING MAN is a book so profound that many reviews upon it could be published together in these columns without exhausting the subject. The two that actually appear may be taken as samples of the twenty that might have appeared. If my comments give the impression of a somewhat scrappy postscript to Sir Bertram Windle's able discussion of Mr. Chesterton on prehistory, I admit that the method chosen lacks the artistic unity of a single long essay. Two witnesses, however, may perhaps establish more firmly than could one the fact of the importance of this book.

The Everlasting Man is an outline of history. To say that is to suggest the name of Mr. Wells; but Mr. Chesterton wisely avoids any controversy that might blur the outline he wishes to draw. It is his purpose to show that the story of the creature called man is unintelligible without the story of the Man called Christ—and that that man's story is unintelligible without an understanding of the fact that he was also God. Anthropologists and mythologists and students of comparative religion merely tie themselves into ingenious knots when they fail to grasp the clew that can explain all myths by one myth which is not a myth at all. Mr. Chesterton says in this connection—

> The true origin of all myths has been discovered much too often. There are too many keys to mythology, as there are too many cryptograms in Shakespeare. Everything is phallic; everything is totemistic; everything is seed-time and harvest; everything is ghosts and grave-offerings; everything is the golden bough of sacrifice; everything is the sun and moon; everything is everything.

In his treatment of these matters Mr. Chesterton has never been more brilliant. Illustrations of preposterous absurdity, as in his vision of a professor, centuries hence, brooding over the interwined A's carved in the magic grotto by 'Arry and 'Arriet and drawing his learned deductions, alternate with pieces of beautiful writing—such as that which deals with the cave man's pictures; and with flashes of illuminating insight, as when he shows how the witness to God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, has shone even in the blackness of man's most barbaric

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night. Here the unfailing humor and humanity of Mr. Chesterton have been his guides. But if he guesses where all men are obliged to guess, his hints are so sane and simple that they must carry conviction to all except those who prefer complexity merely because it is more complex.

But magnificent as is the first half of The Everlasting Man, in its brilliance and clarity and uproarious humor and its pungent common sense, it is in the second half of the book, in which the figure of Our Lord appears, that Mr. Chesterton's genius catches fire. In the two chapters called The Riddles of the Gospel, and The Strangest Story in the World, a light breaks that is too terrible and beautiful to be mirrored in anything but the superbly restrained and yet thrilling eloquence to which the author rises. I must confess that many times Mr. Chesterton brought the heart into my mouth or moved me to tears.

The challenge of those critics who advise us to read the Gospel narrative without prejudice is accepted in these pages. And if the Christ who is found as the result of such a reading is, in His enigmatic silences, His sudden sarcasm and His obscure wrath, other than the Christ presented to us in popular piety, He is seen to be infinitely further removed from the figure admired by sentimental humanitarians. With what a crash of scandal would come upon the reader studying the Gospels with a really open mind —

> The first whisper of a certain suggestion about a certain man! Certainly it is not for us to blame anyone who should find the first wild whisper merely impious and insane. It were better to rend our robes with a great cry against blasphemy, like Caiaphas in the judgment . . . rather than to stand stupidly debating the fine shades of pantheism in the presence of so catastrophic a claim. There is more of the wisdom that is one with surprise in any simple person, full of the sensitiveness of simplicity, who should expect the grass to wither and the birds to drop dead out of the air, when a strolling carpenter's apprentice said calmly and almost carelessly, like one looking over his shoulder: "Before Abraham was, I am."

It has long been the fashion to admire the carpenter's Son as a teacher. Mr. Arnold Bennett, wearying no doubt of platitude and yet (having nothing else to say) giving out platitude in a new disguise, has recently announced with a patronage that even he must see to be ludicrous that he is not prepared to deny the ethics of Christ to be, upon the whole, the highest moral code the world has yet known. Delicate dilettantism has inevitably degenerated into so abysmal a vulgarity. But, as Mr. Chesterton points out, Christ is not merely one of the moral teachers. To Socrates death was an annoying interruption of a conversation; to Christ death was the climax and the goal.

He taught, but only casually: He did not primarily come into the world to teach men, but to die for men. And reaching that crowning dramatic incident Mr. Chesterton reaches the greatest moment in his great book in the following quotation—

> Every attempt to amplify that story has diminished it. The task has been attempted by many men of real genius and eloquence as well as by only too many vulgar sentimentalists and self-conscious rhetoricians. The tale has been retold with patronizing pathos by elegant sceptics and with fluent enthusiasm by boisterous best sellers. It will not be retold here . . . Criticism is only words about words; and of what use are words about such words as these? What is the use of word-painting about the dark garden filled suddenly with torchlight and furious faces? "Are you come out with swords and staves as against a robber? All day I sat in your temple teaching, and you took Me not." Can anything be added to the massive and gathered restraint of that irony; like a great wave lifted to the sky and refusing to fall? "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me but weep for yourselves and for your children." As the High Priest asked what further need he had of witnesses, we might well ask what further need we have of words. Peter in a panic repudiated him: "and immediately the cock crew; and Jesus looked upon Peter, and Peter went out and wept bitterly." Has anyone any further remarks to offer? Just before the murder he prayed for all the murderous race of men, saying—"They know not what they do." Is there anything to say to that, except that we know as little what we say? Is there any need to repeat and spin out the story of how the tragedy trailed up the Via Dolorosa and how they threw Him in haphazard with two thieves in one of the ordinary batches of execution; and how in all that horror and howling wilderness of desertion one voice spoke in homage, a startling voice from the very last place where it was looked for, the gibbet of the criminal; and He said to that nameless ruffian—"This night shalt thou be with Me in Paradise?" Is there anything to put after that but a full stop? Or is anyone prepared to answer adequately that farewell gesture to all flesh which created for His Mother a new son?

There is much more in The Everlasting Man than Sir Bertram Windle or I have been able to touch upon. The limits of space—even the generous space allowed here—are far too narrow. And my last word must be given to Mr. Chesterton instead of his book. I think that I am not alone in believing that this latest of converts to the Faith will come to be regarded as holding much the same relation to this age that Newman held to the nineteenth century. The world has yet to discover how great a man Chesterton is.

Pursuit

And though I swore I'd never speak
Another word
Of you, and never try to seek
Report, I've heard
Again.

And though I shut my heart to you,
And closed my eyes,
Remembrances come seeping through—
Sharp little cries
Of pain.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

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CANADA'S TANGLED POLITICS

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

IN THEIR electoral attempt to unravel the tangled knot of their last Parliament, the people of Canada have but tied another more dangerous and confused. Great as the turnover of votes was, neither Conservatives nor Liberals can claim a working majority, and the Progressives—despite their decimated ranks—once more hold, in theory at least, the balance of political power. At this writing the situation seems to be a complete deadlock, with the cheerless prospect of a paralysis of government, to be followed by another election within the next few months.

There are three major parties in Canada. There is the Liberal party, corresponding to the American Democratic party, standing for a moderate fiscal policy, and stressing Canadian autonomy. There is the Conservative party, corresponding to the American Republican party, standing for protection, and insistent upon imperial solidarity. And there is the Progressive party, composed chiefly of western farmers, and mostly sectional in aim. In the last House, before dissolution, the standing was—

Liberals	118
Progressives	62
Conservatives	51
Labor	4

Mr. Mackenzie King, the Liberal prime minister, dissolved Parliament and appealed to the country on the ground that he required a stronger majority over all other parties to give effect to his program. The country's response was to return a Parliament in which the parties will stand as follows—

Conservatives	117
Liberals	101
Progressives	24
Labor	2
Independent	1

Mr. King went down to defeat in his own constituency; seven of his ministers were submerged with him; and in eight provinces outside Quebec only forty of his followers were returned. The Conservatives, on the other hand, swept Ontario and the maritime provinces, made gains from the Progressives in the West, took a majority out of British Columbia, and more than doubled their representation in the House. The Progressives who, four years ago, returned sixty-three out of one hundred candidates, carrying almost a solid West, and successfully invading the East, came back with but twenty-four representatives.

Great as was the ministerial débâcle, however, the Liberals continue in office. Premier King took the ground that although Conservatives returned the largest group, they lacked a majority over all other parties in Parliament, and that, consequently, the government had a right to meet the new House and there test its strength before resigning. Whatever the political wisdom of this, its constitutional basis was sound, particularly as Mr. Meighen, the Conservative leader, whose tariff policies diametrically oppose those of the Progressives, could not have commanded a parliamentary majority or carried on a government. Any cabinet that he might have formed would have been defeated in the House, necessitating immediate dissolution, to be followed by mid-winter elections and continued paralysis of business. As it is, the position is perilous. It is a position which sees a government meet Parliament with the Prime Minister absent from the House, with eight ministers missing from the Treasury benches, with Ontario, the largest province in the Dominion, lacking cabinet representation, and with the government in a minority in both Parliament and the country. The consequences are bound to be evil. Mr. King, in order to carry on, even for a few months, must bargain with Progressives, a party whose free trade tendencies are anathema to the majority of Liberals, and which demands railway rate reductions and vast expenditures like the Hudson Bay railway at the expense of an impoverished treasury. The inevitable outcome will be weak compromise, backstairs intrigue, failure to grapple large problems, and in the end another election. In the meantime industry marks time, and business remains unsettled.

Sir John Macdonald once said that Canada was a "hard country to govern." The truth of this was never more painfully illustrated than at the present time. The maritime provinces, barred from United States markets by the Fordney-McCumber tariff, deprived of central and western Canada markets by long railway hauls and high freight rates, lacking a home market, and without capital to manufacture for export, protest against their position in confederation. Out in the prairie provinces, where wheat growing is the chief occupation, and where much of the population is American and European, there is equal unrest. The West holds that it is being sacrificed for Ontario and Quebec. The tariff, it maintains, confers no benefit upon provinces whose markets are the rest of the world, but results only in heightening productive costs. And so the West clamors for free trade, coupling with this demand, annual railway deficits notwithstanding, that freight rates be still lower. Finally, and greatest problem of all, in confederation, there is the difficulty of Ontario and Quebec.

Ontario is to Canada what New York state is to the American union. Made up largely of descendants of

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United Empire Loyalists and of sturdy Scottish immigrants, it presents the strange paradox of being socially Americanized while remaining passionately British, politically. In any of the small towns of Ontario, Mr. Sinclair Lewis could have discovered "Babbit" or "Main Street." The good citizen of Ontario transacts his business and lives his life on strictly American lines. He rides in the latest American model, worships American efficiency, openly champions but secretly flouts prohibition, reads the Saturday Evening Post and the Literary Digest, attends faithfully at Rotary, and goes to church on Sunday in frock coat and top hat like the best of one hundred percenters. But the American conquest ends there. For while the Ontarian will lustily sing, It Ain't Goin' to Rain no More, and even The Sidewalks of New York, his political creed is that he will never, never sing the Star Spangled Banner. That imperialistic creed, long imposed upon the rest of Canada by Ontario, is the touchstone of Canada's fiscal policies.

When the Canadian national policy of protection was enunciated by Sir John Macdonald in 1878, its chief motive was to resist financial and commercial pressure by the United States. When the construction of the Canadian Pacific was launched, Sir Charles Tupper justified it as a great imperial project. And when in 1911, reciprocity with the United States was rejected, it was fear of annexation rather than of American competition that motivated the rejection. The historic truth is that for more than fifty years the whole economic policy of Canada has been molded by Ontario and with British connection in view. Protection was urged and voted for and carried triumphantly as a bulwark against American absorption. That was the deep, the dominant note in the Ontario campaign in October.

It is the tragedy of Canadian politics that Quebec, despite common interests with Ontario, and notwithstanding unquestioned loyalty to British connection, yet stands almost uncompromisingly as Ontario's political enemy. For some years past indeed, Quebec has been to Canadian Liberalism what the South has been to American Democracy. For years after federation of the provinces, Quebec varied its allegiance between Liberals and Conservatives. At intervals it was carried away by flaming patriots like Honoré Mercier and Henri Bourassa, who preached a doctrine of French nationalism, but always it found its way back to the older parties and voted like the rest of the nation. Even in those days when Wilfrid Laurier, French Canadian and Catholic, was leader of the Liberal party, Conservatives in Quebec were considerable. The war brought a change. Conservative government was in office when the war came, and the war brought trouble with Quebec. Sir Robert Borden, the Conservative prime minister, practised conciliation and tact, but some of his colleagues were less gifted. It was the story of the British War Office and Ireland over again, only on a lesser scale. Sir Sam Hughes, jingo, imperialist and militarist, was wont to treat French Canadians as a subject people; Ontario politicians, as anxious for extremist votes as for Allied victories, proclaimed that French Canadians were cowards; and other things were said or done that were either malignant or stupid. Finally, and as a fatal breach with Quebec, came the policy of conscription. Much bitterness might have been averted, much political history changed, had Sir Wilfrid Laurier, greatest of French Canadians, accepted Sir Robert Borden's offer to form a coalition. But Laurier, in the twilight of life, feared the extremists of his province. He was wont to point to Sinn Fein's triumph over Redmond as illustrating his probable fate were he to espouse conscription—and threw all his influence against it. The result was a sorry chapter in Canadian politics. In the election which followed, conscription carried—but at a heavy price. English-speaking Canada, and the Conservative party in particular, thundered against Quebec. In Ontario, no slur was too bitter to hurl against French Canadians, while in Quebec, Liberal leaders, fighting conscription, fanned racial hates with an abandon that was nothing short of crime. Canadian national solidarity was at its lowest ebb for more than fifty years.

The wounds thus opened have been slow to heal. In the election of 1921, French Canadians voted, not on political and economic issues, but to avenge conscription. They voted against the leader and the party associated with that policy, and, contrary to their own fiscal needs, sent a solid bloc of sixty-three members to Ottawa to support the Liberal party. Liberalism, under Mr. Mackenzie King, might adhere to principles they detested—no matter. Anything would be preferable to the party which conscripted their sons, and sneered at their courage: Quebec would show that she remembered.

So it was again, with less intensity, on October 29. By instinct, temperament and tradition, Quebec is Conservative. With the low tariff policies of the Liberal party, let alone the radicalism and state-socialism of the western agrarians, allies of the Liberal party, her people have no sympathy. Not even industrial Ontario is more protectionist at heart. Yet the best that Mr. Meighen's Conservative ally could do in Quebec on October 29, was to return four Conservatives in constituencies predominantly English-speaking. The old appeals against a phantom imperialism, the old war cries against conscription, had nearly, if not all, their old potency.

How long these bad memories will last, no one can tell. Sixty years have not obliterated memories in the South, nor induced the southern states to throw in their lot with a party not antagonistic to their economic needs, and many Canadians today wonder whether the same phenomenon will be repeated in Quebec.

In the meantime, with the country confused and

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baffled, there is a stalemate at Ottawa. Mr. King, his following made up chiefly of Quebec representatives, finds himself dependent for power upon western radicals whose program is hostile to Quebec. Mr. Meighen, on the other hand, finds himself with the largest group in Parliament, but without a governing majority, and with the certainty that Liberals and Progressives will combine against him. Thus, less than half-a-dozen Alberta farmers, the Left wing of the Progressive movement, hold the balance of power.

Such a position, were it to continue, would be disastrous. With the country crying out for an immigration policy, with the national railways still producing large deficits, with the exodus to the United States continuing, with problems of trade, unemployment, debt and taxation challenging strong measures, a strong government with an independent majority, and without need to bargain for power, is a vital national necessity. The prospects, therefore, are for a short-lived Parliament, skirmishings for tactical positions, and an appeal to the country next spring.

A word in conclusion regarding the position of Canadian Catholic voters. Briefly, there is no Catholic party, and no Catholic question, in Canadian politics. Both parties in the past have had Catholic leaders, there have been two Catholic prime ministers in Canada since confederation, and for fifteen years, between 1896 and 1911, most of Protestant Canada worshipped at the political shrine of the Catholic, Wilfrid Laurier. The simple fact is that in Canada Catholics ally themselves with parties for the same reasons and motives that guide all other citizens. There was a time in the 'eighties when Edward Blake's powerful advocacy of the Irish cause drew many Irish Catholics into the ranks of Liberalism, but that was only a passing phase. Nor have Catholics been discriminated against in the high offices of the state. In all ministries since confederation they have had proportionate representation; in Parliament Catholics are often elected by Protestant ridings, and vice versa; a Catholic is Chief Justice of Canada; and in the higher civil service Catholics are generously represented. Whatever penalties may attach to the Canadian parliamentary system, extreme religious bigotry is not among them. The spectacle of one of the great parties rejecting a candidate for the highest honor in the state because he was a Catholic could not take place in the Dominion.

Butterfly Wings

Some far off summer day, when you shall see,
O'er golden poppy-beds, gay butterflies,
Dark-winged, like pirate sails on sunset skies,
Perchance soft wings shall flutter timidly
And touch your cheek. From long-forgotten springs
Shall come a host of tender, vanished charms—
Soft fingers on your face, clinging white arms . . .
Oh, magic touch of dusky velvet wings!

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

ON SWEARING

By P. H. GALLEN

Our brave boys in the great world war fought well, which was glorious; but, alas! they swore well, also.—The Chaplain.

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then
never trust me more.—Shakespeare.

PROFANITY has been defined as the unnecessary use of profane language. The light and flippant use of the name of the Deity or Christ is the most offensive form and is always abhorrent. Cursing, blaspheming and the more severe forms of profanity, when not the result of degenerate habits, are usually indicative of anger or disapproval and are purely emotional.

Socrates noticed that the instinct of swearing is deeply rooted in the mental constitution and he is said to have sworn deeply and volubly. In Athens, profanity was limited to a few phrases and its practice was ridiculed. It was rather good taste, however, to swear by the dog or the goose, as Socrates did. Boys were allowed to swear by "Hercules," but only in the open air. "By the cabbage," was a popular oath among the Athenians. Cabbage was highly valued as an article of food and was also understood to be a sure antidote to the effects of strong drink. The gay revelers always had it at table. It was said that if it were permitted to blaspheme without offending the gods, it might be done by mention of the Rhodian cabbage. It occupied a prominent place in Greek mythology—"He, falling down, worshipped the seven-leaved cabbage."

The oath "by the cabbage" still lingers in modern Italy in the expletive "cavolo." During the siege of Rome by the Goths, the ministers of Honorius swore to reject overtures of peace "by the head of the emperor." This oath was considered more binding, says Gibbon, than one to the Deity. Cursing was not unknown in ancient Ireland. Ruadan and King Diarmait had a great cursing match which ended in the desolation of Tara. "Ruadon loved cursing," says the chronicler, meaning to pay him a great compliment.

From a remote antiquity, swearing was common among all peoples. It is one of the oldest forms of spoken language and in certain cases of aphasia is the last form that is lost. Animals probably swear, and it is very likely that the roar or growl of anger of the beasts is the analog of the profane oath. The angry man, because of social, legal or physical reasons, may not easily inflict bodily injury, but he can with much satisfaction to himself consign his opponent to eternal perdition.

This would imply in the user a belief in orthodox religion. First of all a recognition of the existence and the power of God, together with an acknowledgment of divine justice in apportioning and thereby showing the swearer's faith in immortality. The eternity of suffering of those condemned to hell is in strict conformity with the teaching of the church, and to invoke it is a confession of faith. Perhaps this strange attitude of mind, combining religion and its abuse, when actuated by hatred, may account to some extent for the common practice of profanity in the so-called ages of piety.

Men use in profane swearing the most terrifying words if angry, joining them to the name of the Deity. They use these words because they possess a weapon quality of offense. They produce a shock in the person they are directed against. But the profane oath is often merely a form of relaxation, like laughter and play, and sometimes provides an escape for emo-

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tions whose pent up power might prove dangerous to the human organism. It is really an instinctive re-actional agent of purifying effect.

But it is absolutely immoral when there is a connection between profanity and the sacred names of religion. It is also unethical because advancing civilization requires us to inhibit and repress. In an earlier condition of society the oath was used to confirm a statement. In a more developed state of civilization the impress of veracity is sufficient.

The usual effect of a mild form of profanity on the user is a pleasant feeling of relief from painful stress. There are times when swearing has a physiological justification. The refractory collar button annoyance is lessened by the expletive "damn." The traveler, arriving at the depot a trifle late, has a momentary relief as he damns the departing train. The woman at his heels thanks him and virtually swears by proxy. The bishop at the banquet, upon whom the careless waiter spills the soup, is hampered by his office and appeals to his lay neighbor to use appropriate language, thus relieving the episcopal conscience of moral obligation.

However, the obligation, from the moral standpoint, scarcely holds with an up-to-date clergyman who is in touch with the higher criticism in German scholarship, which has discovered that there is no commandment against profanity. It was formerly thought that the second prohibited "all unjust oaths, cursing and profane words," but now it is declared that to take the name of God in vain means something entirely different—merely forbids us to approach the altar of the Lord for favor or adoration unless we bring a gift as a sacrifice. Profanity is thus removed from the domain of morals and becomes only an offense against good taste.

The oaths of eastern peoples are redolent of light and air and sun. "So help me sun," "so help me earth," the Servians say. In the West oaths breathe the spirit of war. In Rome they swore on the spear sacred to Juno; in Christian Europe on the sword, sacred because of the hiltcross. Dying without priest to shrive him, the knight gazed on his cross-hilted sword and from his fevered lips there was breathed a prayer for pardon. In the spacious days of Elizabeth the fencing masters had to take oath on the rapier's hilt and Hamlet says—"Never to speak of this that you have seen, swear by my sword."

Swearing has been regarded by English writers as a necessary part of the social life to be duly checked, it is true, but never entirely eradicated. Swift said, "it is the opinion of our most refined swearers that the same oath or curse cannot, with true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company by the same person and at one sitting."

Hotspur says to Lady Percy—"Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art, a good mouth-filling oath." Mr. Gardiner in Middlemarch used an oath as a sort of armorial bearings stamping the speech of a man who had a good position. It was a fad of the true gentleman. Bob Acres called it quite genteel. He says damns have had their day, but the new oaths enable a man to swear with propriety.

In the diary of The Sussex Tradesman, we read—"There was no business of the moment for the vestry to transact, but oaths and imprecations resounded from all sides of the room." Some writers blamed the clergy for making profanity popular by calling it a sin. It should be described as a virtue and then all people would avoid it.

Laws were frequently enacted in many countries against swearing. Justinian punished by death those who swore "by the limbs of God." In northern England the swearer's tongue was cut out and Philip II of France had offenders thrown into the Seine. In England, the House of Commons, under Puritan influence, passed a law against this ancient privilege, but the House of Lords rejected it. To swear like a lord was a vested right among the nobility. However, a statute inflicting a fine of twelve pence was finally enacted. The Scotch law was more severe. The penalty for a nobleman was a fine of one hundred pounds; ten for a commoner; and for a clergyman, half of his annual stipend.

One might go through England, says a French writer, knowing only one word of the language—damn. Don Juan declared—"Never can I say I heard them wish God with you, save that way." A soldier brought the maid of Orleans, rising from sleep to lead her army against Tournellos, a fish for breakfast. She put aside the splendid shad, saying—"In the name of God it shall never be eaten till supper, and I will bring back a Goddam to eat it." When Warwick and Stafford visited her she said—"You think when you have slain me you will conquer France. No, not even if there were 100,000 Goddams in this land more than there are." She forbade her soldiers to use oaths and even her favorite general, La Hire, who had declared the habit indispensable, was forced to give it up. Lord Hailes said in 1770 that when the Dutch "see the English people they say—'there come the Goddams.'"

Tristram Shandy thought that in good society there was danger of using small curses upon inadequate occasions. He maintained that the student of swearing should mistrust his extempore powers. He should have composed forms suitable to all degrees of provocation hung over his mantelpiece for daily reference. It was this same Sterne who said of Uncle Toby's oath—"The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

Montaigne said he loved stout opinions among gentlemen and was accustomed to swear quite lustily himself; but he says more by "imitation than complexion." George Washington told Lee, the traitor, some plain truths enforced by language profane. The gallant Farragut addressed the torpedoes in Mobile Bay in terms of great warmth. The brave commander of the lost legion in our late war consigned his friend the enemy to a location of the highest temperature.

The great and good in all ages testified to the need of weapon-like words. Even our own Ralph Waldo Emerson, the gentlest and mildest of men, save when contradicted, laments in his journal—"What a pity we can't curse and swear in good society! Cannot the stinging dialect of the sailors be domesticated? It is the best rhetoric and for a hundred occasions those forbidden words are the only good ones. My page about consistency would be better written thus—'Damn consistency.'"

It has been suggested that man might be cured of the habit of swearing if women as a protest were to adopt the practice. Profanity should be effeminized by custom. If women swore more, men would drop swearing, just as they drop anything when women take it up. It would become declassed as a manly habit as poets' locks have vanished at the coming of the bob.

Grace

Like one who thirsts for dizzying wine
I caught love up—
Now comes your beating heart to mine,
A loaf, a cup.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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COMMUNICATIONS

A CATHOLIC ECONOMIC PROGRAM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I find Dr. McGowan's suggestions for a Catholic economic program very interesting—so much so, in fact, that they stimulate me to comment and to question.

To some people man is a machine, and economics is no more than a branch of physics. To other people man is an animal —merely—and economics, like psychology, is no more than a branch of biology. To Catholics man is a rational animal endowed with free will, and an immortal soul; and, therefore, to Catholics, economics is a branch of ethics. That is one great difference between Catholics and other people.

Biologists tell us—and our own experience and observation confirm what they say—that human society is, and probably always will be, highly polymorphic; that is, that there is and probably always will be a high degree of variety in the individual human components when they are regarded from any point of view which concerns itself with human activities, mental or physical. All degrees of competence will be represented, whether it be auction bridge, golf, or business, or politics, or metaphysics, that must be in question. Men are and, seemingly, always will be classified in a species of hierarchy with respect to all such things; every man will be more or less competent than every other man with respect to something. In one respect only all men are, and will be, equal, and that is in the possession of an immortal soul. The only complete equality that will exist is that which Chesterton describes as a "democracy of eternal danger."

Man, as we Catholics know, is a rational animal, but, as we also know, original sin deprived his reason of that complete control which it had previously exercised over his passions, and left him with a perpetual civil war raging within himself. His reason is in irreconcilable conflict with the three primal concupiscences, i. e., of food and shelter, of reproduction, and of power. It is this civil war which is the source of all human evils, arising from human acts. Video meliora, proboque, says reason; deteriora sequor, says passion. This is indisputably a fact, and, seemingly, always will be a fact, as is, and will be, the "hierarchy of competence" above described. And these are facts which we Catholics have to face when we face the problems of economics.

It is the inexpressible value—and, therefore, dignity—of human personality which makes economics a Catholic matter, and it is the essence of Catholic economics that it makes human personality the touchstone of all economic questions. The world gets its living today by a system which, roughly, corresponds to the existing "hierarchies of competence." Under this system a man competes with every one else for his modicum of food, shelter, and power, these things giving him the opportunity to reproduce his kind. It is competition which fixes his place in the social structure, and determines his share of the good things of life. Competition, as a process for accomplishing this function, has the great practical advantage of leaving no room for argument on the score of justice; its results are their own justification. The Manchester School in all its squalid, shameless nakedness was severely logical in the conclusions it drew from its premises. The competitive principle in economics has also one great material advantage to its credit in that it has greatly increased the total production of goods. On the other hand it has the fatal moral defect that it has in its calculations completely neglected human personality and has recognized only the hierarchy of competence. Under its operations a rather large proportion of human society has been driven to living conditions which are incompatible with the dignity of human personality.

This is the main cause of quarrel between the Catholic Church and the competitive system of production and distribution. All Catholics, as Catholics, are, or should be agreed that there must be such a limitation upon the operations of competition as will prevent the imposition upon any social class of living conditions incompatible, as a minimum, with the dignity of human personality. The principle of a minimum wage is securely based on the moral law. So much is certain. Somehow means must be found to get this principle, or its equivalent into the system, or at least to get such results from the system as would follow from application of the principle. I imagine that this is clear Catholic doctrine.

Suppose, however, this condition to be satisfied—how much farther will Catholic doctrine require us to go? Suppose that the least competent of the community do get a minimum human wage for their effort—is that all that we as Catholics may require of society? Can we require profit-sharing? Can we require a share in the management so far as matters other than wages and conditions of work are concerned? Can we require the abolition of profit in business and industry? Can we require universal membership of workers in unions? Can we require governmental ownership of industries which have managed to resist the coöperative principle of ownership and operation? Can we require taxation to be laid mainly on large incomes, large inheritances, excess profits of corporations, and increased land values? Are we as Catholics compelled to require these things?

It seems to me important that in discussing a Catholic economic program we should be careful to delimit the frontiers in this respect. It is a useful and a healthy thing in Catholic life that we should have among us widely differing opinions as to what is and what is not expedient in economics. Dr. McGowan and his colleague, Dr. John A. Ryan, very ably represent what I may term—I hope without offense—the radical wing of Catholic thought upon these things. As Catholics (who have long and deeply studied economics) they are perfectly free to hold and to advocate the views that they do, even if some of them—Dr. McGowan's economic parliament or congress, for example—remind us vividly of the coöperative commonwealth as described from soapboxes in the days before the war. But that which Dr. McGowan and Dr. Ryan as Catholics are compelled to hold, and that which they are impelled (by their observations and their studies, in the light of their judgment) to hold, are two very different things. The former binds us all as Catholics; the latter is before us for our judgment in the light of our observations and studies, such as they may be. The former are not debatable; the latter are.

Another important distinction should be observed. A man deciding for himself must take the virtue of charity into his calculation; in deciding for another he must be content to exact mere justice. Voluntary coöperation is redolent of the Catholic spirit; the socialist coöperative commonwealth is un-Catholic in spirit because it bases upon compulsion. Temperance is a Catholic virtue; prohibition is rather a character-

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istically Protestant thing. Much may even be desired by us Catholics, as Catholics, which we cannot, in justice, require from others, by any process of compulsion. We are to face the legal and constitutional changes required to carry out the program sketched by Dr. McGowan. Laws and constitutions concern themselves with strict justice and, furthermore, with minima in its performance. How far will our duty as Catholics require us to go in the legal enforcement of the suggested economic program?

Binding the conscience of another is a serious matter. We know the principle of minima in moral theology, and why it is is governing in the science of casuistry. It is most desirable that Catholics should concern themselves with the economic problem, and that the utmost freedom of thought and discussion should flourish amongst us, subject always to preservation of unity upon these things which are part of Catholic truth to which we must hold fast, no matter whither it may lead us. What are those things? Upon what must we be agreed because it is our moral duty so to agree? When we know that we shall know, not a Catholic economic program, but the Catholic economic program and we shall govern our thoughts, our speech and our acts accordingly. After that we can debate freely, vigorously, and, I hope, goodnaturedly, about the rest.

I suggest that an excellent method of answering the questions I have asked would be to take each item of the program sketched by Dr. McGowan and classify it as either debatable or not debatable by Catholics. Perhaps Dr. McGowan will do this for us, and thus open the field for debate.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

POETRY AS CAPITALIZED PROSE

Garrison, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Perhaps it is not too much to say that modern poetry, if there is such a thing, is mostly jazz-verse—prose with the first letter of each line capitalized. Most of it, at least, seems to lack either rhythm, rhyme, or reason.

To a perfect poem I think all three of these characteristics are essential. No matter how perfect the rhyme or lucid the motif, if the rhythm of syllables be inconsistent or inharmonious the unity of effect is destroyed. And without unity of effect upon the ear and mental reception the concept of poetry is lost. Even in blank verse which sacrifices rhyme, and is consequently a hybrid between prose and poetry, rhythm of measure and swing of syllables is supposed to support the sequences in expression.

Now, measure can be mathematically exact and yet rhythm be wholly lacking, due to the various accents required by different words; and disregard of this is the more culpable because it generally denotes carelessness on the part of the writer whose ear should catch the defect and whose vocabulary should be able to correct it.

There is no intention to invade the sanctum of your page of poems for analytical purposes in the above connection, for they are above the average, but glancing over the field in a general way one is constrained to remark that poetry requires something more than that the first letter of each line shall be capitalized. Poetry not only demands that words shall be the expression of ideas, but that the expression shall convey an auricular rhythm and that the ideas shall make some measure of appeal to the aesthetic sense of the soul.

J. A. MORROW.

ORATE FRATRES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The very excellent letter of Father Busch in your issue of November 4, should provoke an examination of conscience in the souls of prayer-book compilers. A glance at the catalogue of "devotional manuals" is proof that there are too many "Nihil obstats" and that in the publishers' race the laity are the losers.

The sense of liturgy will not be developed by putting on the proper antependium or droning the Proper of the Mass in the dullness of monotone. A missal is as much a necessity for the people as it is for the priest.

Long ago I heard Archbishop Ireland say—"What America needs is prayer books." He had just written the introduction to Father Wynne's Sunday Mass Book—a manual ignored by the middlemen. Who will deliver us from jobbers?

The prayer books crowding mission stands should bring tears to liturgical eyes. "Special Devotions," "Favorite Novenas"—antiquated manuals in seal or pig-skin, and at exorbitant prices.

One wonders why our high schools and colleges do not teach our youth to use a Sunday missal. Surely liturgy is as important as logarithms, and the parts of the Mass as necessary a study as the bones of the body. Where is the graduate who ever heard of the gradual?

When the celebrant says—"Orate, fratres," he does not mean "use your beads," or "make fervent ejaculations," or browse around amid the "pious reflections" of Barclay Street almanacs.

REV. PETER MORAN.

BISHOP DENOUNCES KLAN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I think your readers will be interested in the action taken by Bishop Cheshire, Episcopalian, of North Carolina, who received a threatening letter recently signed "K.K.K.," and who replied in the Raleigh, North Carolina, newspapers as follows—

"I wish to take this opportunity of saying to my unknown correspondent and to his fellow K.K.K. on the police force and off, that I consider the Ku Klux Klan, in its principles, methods and organization, absolutely inconsistent with the Christian religion, which many of them profess; a menace to good government and a disgrace to our civilization. And it seems to me the duty of all good citizens to give open expression to the indignities they must feel at being restrained in the free use of the public streets of the city in the interest of men who are ashamed to let their faces be seen."

T. C.

A LITURGICAL PRAYER BOOK

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Father Busch's reference to the type of prayer books in current use, in his letter which appeared in a recent issue of The Commonweal, and the general neglect of the liturgy, which he deplores, should find understanding and approval among those devoted to Catholic spiritual revival.

In this connection it occurs to me to commend to persons interested, the prayer book entitled Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion, published by Burns Oates of London, with an introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. This is a liturgical prayer book in the real sense and its rare beauty, color and interest are a welcome contrast to the usual prayer book.

BARRY BYRNE.

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THE PLAY AND THE SCREEN

By R. DANA SKINNER

The New Charlot Review

THEY are back again—meaning, of course, that quartette of English artists who last year taught New York its best lesson in how to make a review scintillating though simple. In spite of several excellent numbers and the considerable personal glamor of Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Jack Buchanan and Herbert Mundin, the trouble seems to be this year that the review is still simple but forgets to scintillate.

Perhaps last year's success came too easily. Only hardened theatregoers of New York could understand the complexity of emotions that caused New York to clasp the first Charlot's to its arms. These good English visitors may not have realized that they thrived as much on the monotonous demerits of New York reviewdom as on the intrinsic worth of their own program. New York had grown tired of lavish display, of glorified and dumb young ladies parading the stage in impossible postures and costumes, of comedians whose comedy had reached the high blood pressure age, of artificially renovated jazz, of occasional good talent swept back to the dressing rooms before one could settle down to enjoy it. In short, New York was ready for something so old that it was new. And the first Charlot's landed here at just that moment to be uproariously greeted by just that mood.

But a great change has taken place in a year. Messrs. Ziegfeld and Dillingham may still be glorifying roundly to tried and true audiences, but the Shuberts have graduated into light opera with male choruses that can sing, the home grown brand of small and intimate review has bounded in popularity, and the second Charlot's finds itself facing not only native competition but also the far more subtle competition of its own first and gallant effort. A year ago we exclaimed, "Here at last are real artists and entertainers!" Now we say "They are back again!" And between "at last" and "again" there is all the deep gulf that you find between novelty and habit, between enthusiasm and criticism.

If the Charlot management had better understood the basis for last years acclaim, it would, I am sure, have put more effort into sharpening the wit and humor and subtlety of the present show. It would have understood that when Fanny Brice and Albert Carroll have already given us two radically different and equally brilliant parodies of Pavlowa, even Beatrice Lillie can not make a Russian ballet burlesque surpassingly novel or funny. The management would—by a little thought—have sensed the fatal obviousness in Jack Buchanan's scene, Buying a Hat; or the maudlin dreariness of his apache song Gigolette. It would have realized that Gertrude Lawrence's Russian Blues is no adequate successor to last year's Limehouse Blues, and that a barber chair burlesque has, to say the least, been done before.

Of course it goes without saying that within the limits of the stunts assigned to them, the four chief entertainers are far above the average. But in a review the stunt's the thing. There is also less of the winds of cleanliness blowing around the Charlot stage this year, more of the cheap suggestiveness borrowed from Broadway, and a decided falling off in musical vivacity. You can advise your friends to save their ticket money for next year when Charlot's may happily have returned to its pristine cleanliness, grace, sprightliness and wit.

The School for Scandal

LAST year the Neighborhood Playhouse indulged in a revival of Sheridan's The Critic. In it you found sparkle, exuberance and just the right degree of crisp artificiality. It might well have served as a model for the Druce and Street revival of The School for Scandal. But apparently it did not. The present production is pretty pictorially, but it distinctly lacks those elements which furnish the sole excuse for reviving this particular classic. Sheridan, as revived nowadays, is considerably less offensive than Congreve. In fact the Neighborhood revival of The Critic was signally innocuous. But the cynical wit of this generation of English comedies is a rather depressing quantity at best and exacts the utmost refinement and skill in acting to give it that purely artificial remoteness demanded by effective satire. With Mrs. Insull as Lady Teazle exhibiting only one gesture for all occasions, with no one in the cast displaying adequate diction, and with a general lassitude in direction, there is nothing to make this School for Scandal stimulating. Its quality of satire is lost, and only its cynicism and fine clothes remain.

Antonia

THERE is nothing in this story of a former prima donna, who after ten years of married life in the country returns to Budapest for one romantic evening, which particularly recommends it to the intelligent playgoer. It is, it may be granted, a fair character study. Marjorie Rambeau, as Antonia, portrays an interesting conflict in this woman's mind between the call to romance and excitement on the one hand, and the restraining force of an impregnable common sense on the other. But the situations and the motivations are nearly all forced and artificial. It is one of those plays in which the technically moral ending is obviously a sugar coating poured on at the last minute after the playwright has had his full fling at intrigue and pseudo-romance. Miss Rambeau's acting in it is far too good to be wasted on so insincere a bit of hokum.

Stella Dallas

JUST why the story of Stella Dallas as shown in the Henry King "picturization" should win encomiums from such a range of theatrical personages as Ethel Barrymore to Douglas Fairbanks is rather hard to discover. It seems to me (not having read the book) that this story is about as artificial, cynical and insincere as any I have seen on the screen. Here and there throughout its wandering length are scattered some really superb bits of acting and direction—scenes which, taken by themselves, are poignant, honest and executed with a rare delicacy of feeling. But this should not blind people of average common sense—even actors who naturally admire skilful interpretation for its own sake—to the inverted morality and the sheer stupidity of the plot and its theme.

The story is much too long to detail, and, like all artificial ones, far too complex. It is supposed to rest on the self-sacrifice of a mother who finds that her own vulgarity is so great a handicap to her daughter's social advancement that she turns over this daughter to her husband's second wife, after facilitating a divorce and otherwise choosing in every single

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case the most difficult and heartrending course. The whole story would explode in smoke if either Stella's own daughter or the second wife had been thoughtful enough to tell the poor woman that the chief mark of her vulgarity was her overdressing and her needless aggressiveness. It would have been so vastly easier for Stella to have dressed in quiet black and held her tongue in public than to go through the self inflicted agonies which occupy most of the film. And if the daughter were one-half as intelligent and adorable a creature as she is supposed to be, or if the second wife were one-half as generous and intuitive as the captions say she is (and incidentally, not quite so determined to have Stella's husband for herself) then this simpler solution would be not only plausible but the only possible one. That, however, would have meant no book and no feature film—wherefore the charge of insincerity. To prove the further charge of inverted morality, it is only necessary to recall that we have all this mess of divorce and unnecessary renunciation based on the sole motive of social and material advancement for the daughter. Everyone, including the author, seems to think it right and a matter of course that souls should be tortured and twisted, mother and daughter wrenched apart, and the selfishness of the second wife gratified to the sole end of marrying the daughter to an eligible young man who is too much of a snob to marry her while she still lives with her mother.

This much I will say for the film—it has brought into glorious prominence one Lois Moran, who, as Laurel, the daughter, does as fine, as sensitive, as versatile and as honest a piece of acting as I have ever seen on the screen.

In Selecting Your Plays

Accused—A fine Belasco cast, headed by E. H. Sothern, in an absorbing play of Brieux's.
A Man's Man—A sincere and poignant play, marred by the current blasphemy fad.
Applesauce—Amusing characterization in a comedy of small-town life.
Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
Dearest Enemy—A musical comedy of Revolutionary New York.
Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
Hamlet—A new and superb interpretation by Walter Hampden in the heroic mood.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Last Night of Don Juan—An adequate presentation of Rostand's delightful comedy—preceded by a "curtain raiser" of wrong minded sentimentality.
Outside Looking In—The hobo empire at its best and worst—marred by wholly unnecessary blasphemy.
Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
Stolen Fruit—In which Ann Harding achieves greatness and lifts a good play to distinction.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Glass Slipper—One beautiful theme and June Walker's fine acting almost hidden by needless and disagreeable trash.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
These Charming People—Cyril Maude and Edna Best tip-toeing on Arlen débris.
Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

BOOKS

Spanish Mysticism, by E. Allison Peers. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

IT WAS the Spanish scholar, Menendez y Pelayo, who pointed out that there existed a whole Spanish school of mystical authors neglected and unknown for the most part even to his Spanish brethren. These 3,000 authors have slumbered in the archives of old monasteries and libraries for several hundred years, until today, with the revival of interest in the religious spirit of literature, they are gradually being brought to light with the appreciation their vital spirit and beautiful inspiration have merited.

"In England," states Mr. Peers in his introductory chapter, "where 300 years ago one great Spanish mystic (Luis de Granada in fourteen English translations) was read, translated and adapted for general use, little more is known now than then of the great company to which he belonged. Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross, it is true, are accessible in English to all; but by almost every modern writer on mysticism in our language they have been treated as the sole representatives in Spain of the literature which they so greatly enriched."

The mystical period began in Spain, generally speaking, in the first years of the sixteenth century. Altamira runs counter to general scholarship in attributing to it a Germanic origin and there are other authorities who find in its oriental character some indication of Moslem influences. Menendez y Pelayo, in his Ensayo Sobre la Poesía Mistica, disposes of these questions in a way that proves conclusively that Christian mysticism as revealed in the greater Spanish mystics is based

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and pivots solely on the coming of Christ to the soul, and has little if anything in common with the Greek, Hebrew or Arab forms of what, he concedes to be nevertheless, a real but different form of the same mystical state.

A mysticism without Christ is therefore an imperfect mysticism, as Mr. E. Allison Peers seems to indicate when he confines his chapters on Spanish mysticism to such saintly figure as Hernando de Zarate, Alonso de Orozco, Francisco de Osuna, Bernadino de Laredo, Saint Peter of Alcántara, Juan de Avila, Luis de Granada, Pedro Malon de Chaide, Juan de los Ángeles, Diego de Estrella and Luis de Leon—only a small if distinguished representation of the great schools of mystics presided over by Saint Teresa of Avila and Saint John of the Cross.

Mr. Peers's really valuable collection of texts and comment presents these mystics in their literary character, a character, however, which cannot obviate their religious fervors—for those who live for Christ alone can write for Christ alone, and their literary and art quality are merely emanations of Christianity and in these Spanish ecstatics only another evidence of that fundamentally mystical element which, as Mr. Peers points out, was to be found in the Spanish temperament for centuries before it found orthodox religious expression in the literary products of the cloister. The highly literary character of Fray Alonzo de Orozco may be seen in the number of his works, such as The Garden of Prayer, The Spiritual Betrothal, The Memorial of Holy Love, and The Mount of Contemplation; as well as in the mystical History of the Queen of Sheba, and The Nine Names of Christ, which probably influenced Fray Luis de Leon in his famous treatise, Los Nombres de Cristo.

Fray Luis de Granada was a famous figure among early scholars in England, and rays of his light penetrate into many a recondite corner of such poets as Vaughn and Crashaw. His mystical interpretation and love of nature were shown in pictures of smiling countrysides and storm-lashed seas. "His single aim was to lead souls to heaven," and Vaughn echoes his spirit in the lines—

> "Grant I may so
> Thy steps track here below,
> That in these masques and shadows I may see
> Thy sacred way:
> And by those hid ascents climb to that day
> Which breaks from Thee
> Who art in all things, though invisibly."

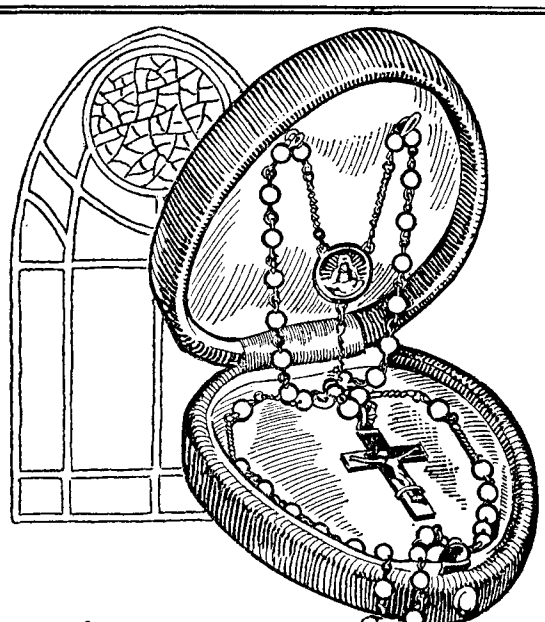
One may pass over Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross to consider other mystics less known to the general reader. In the Augustinian, Fray Pedro Malon de Chaide, "the metaphysician of love, the modest author of exquisite sonnets, we find the trained literary instinct that shows profusely in the pages of his Conversion of the Magdalene, which includes a discourse upon divine love that is an anthology of the greatest things which have been said upon it by the inspired writers and by the fathers."

Fray Juan de los Ángeles was one of the few Spaniards of his age to show foreign influence in his work. He constantly quoted Gerson, Ruysbroeck and Tauler, but in his exquisite sweetness as in his vigorous power he always remains a Spaniard.

Fray Diego de Estrella enjoyed great vogue with his Vanity of the World throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Of the Degrees of Divine Love, he writes the charming paragraph—"When Jacob left his parents' home and went into Mesopotamia, and slept with a stone for his pillow, he saw in a vision a ladder with one end upon earth and the other in heaven, and Thou, our Lord and God, wert reclining thereon. We are not birds, nor may we fly from earth to heaven, and hence it is needful that we mount step by step as on a ladder, by the stages and degrees of love. This love has its beginnings upon earth and in the earthly foundations of self-love, and rises by stages and degrees even to the excellence and perfection of Thy holy love, "que es lo celestial, acendrado y mas esmerado y puro."

Fray Francisco de Osuna is famous largely for the profound influence his writings produced on the mind of the saintly Doctora of Avila. He was the most famous popularizer of mystic theology and his book, The Third Spiritual Abcedario, enjoyed a wide diffusion in Spain and in the Spanish empire in America.

Fray Bernadino de Laredo was a famous physician from the University of Seville, and his great book, The Ascent of Mount Sion by the Contemplative Pathway was published anonymously after his entry into the Franciscan order. His humility did not prevent a very wide circulation of this able work. Speaking of the sleep of the soul, he writes—"Neglect of transient things withdraws the soul from all that is transitory, as far as its affections are concerned, and the burning desire for eternal blessings raises it to the level of that world which will endure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forever. So that neglect of the present and a desire for the future causes the soul to be, as it were, mortified, asleep and suspended midway between two domains—to wit, this present death and the life which is to come. So sleep means here that suspension and quiet silence; and the two landmarks are this transient world and the world that is everlasting."

Saint Peter of Alcántara is reputed to have declared—"My body and I have made a compact: while I live in this world it is to suffer without intermission, but when I reach heaven I will give it eternal rest." He was a mystical organizer, a friend and defender of Saint Teresa, whose reforms he paralleled in the Franciscan order, restoring the strictest practices of Saint Francis himself. The Saint of Avila—"Blessed Theresia, his ghostly child"—is among the witnesses to his popularity. "He is the author of several little books on prayer," she says, "written in the vernacular and now in common use, for as one who has had long practice in prayer he wrote very profitably for those who are given to it." A Golden Treatise is the title given to the English editions of his book (Brussels: 1632; Liverpool: 1843; London: 1905) and the influence of his ardent soul is revealed in the description of the Saint himself whose "eies were sparkling tokens of the fire of divine love which was in his soule."

One could go to much greater length in noting the various mystical authors whom Mr. Peers of the University of Liverpool selects for this volume on Spanish mysticism which deserves the highest commendation for its broad spirit and excellent judgment and taste.

THOMAS WALSH.

Saint Francis of Assisi, by Dom Pedro Subercaseaux Errazuriz. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $25.00.

IT HAS been said of the saints that their crowning humiliation, no less an actual because it is a posthumous trial, is to have their lives written by the merely devout. The destiny of saintly lives, left in the hands of artists who have no feeling for anything save the pictorial value of each episode, is scarcely less hard. Sacred art has never been a "hortus conclusus." It has suffered, since the far days of the primitives, from all the fashions that have successively afflicted the craft of painting. It has given our churches robust Magdalens mooning over skulls in an attitude of sentimental abandon; virgins and martyrs pirouetting on the altars of late renaissance churches in the postures of the Italian ballet; beefy seraphs tumbling out of fleecy skies. But if sacred art has shared with profane the degeneracy of skill into technical "cleverality" (to use a word coined by Charlotte Brontë) it is a pleasure to note that it is also sharing in its recovery towards frugality and static quality.

No one today regards the conventions of ancient hagiography, with its naïve symbols and "legends" of the saints, its light-hearted disregard of archaeology (in which it would be an affectation today to follow it) the formulas of its gesture and draperies, as any evidence that creative skill was lacking or amiss. Such things are recognized now as being due to a healthy discipline which went out of art when the return of paganism laid waste one world without re-creating another. The most sincere among our artists besiege them for the secret of their cryptic perfection, or at least regard them with a wistful affection amid the vagaries of their own mad quest for something that will clothe the dead bones of the false tradition with new flesh.

Of all artists who have sought for the secret of the great primitive painters at its source, Dom Pedro Subercaseaux seems to be the one who has learned it easiest and with least conscious effort to regain the spirit through the form. His magnificent series of aquarelles of the life of Saint Francis, as given the public by the Marshall Jones Company of Boston, makes a book which, in color, type and general form, will come as the realization of a dream to numberless souls, within and without the Catholic communion, for whom the "little poor man of Assisi" keeps a place that hardly another recorded saintly soul can fill. The mere technique of the paintings, in its sufficiency and confidence of line, is unerring, and becomes still more admirable when we remember that the Benedictine painter has used the most exacting medium known to art—pure water color-wash, without the adventitious aid of body white that so many aquarellists use to soften its rigor. There is about all the drawings a rapturous quality which is less a recovery of old frankness than a liberation from all sophistries, old and new. In a word, they are less old-fashioned than perennial. We see the world as it must have been seen through the eyes of the Saint himself, enraptured with its beauty, yet missing all its concupiscences. Many of the drawings reduce composition to its bare essentials. In others where the scene is more crowded its elaborations are excellently handled. In

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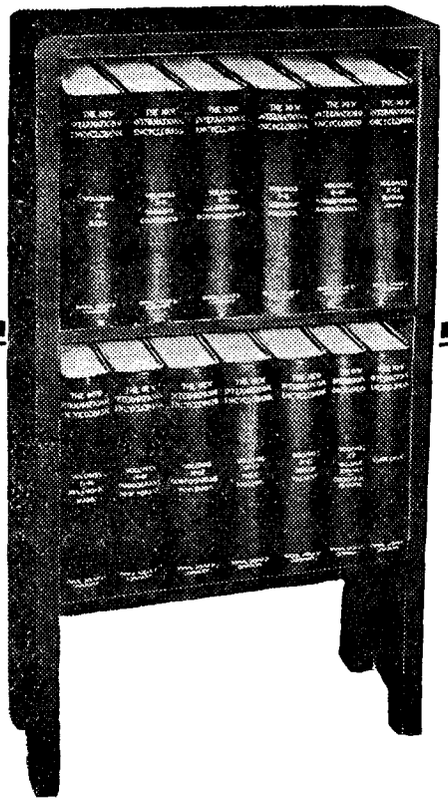

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La Folie de la Croix, the wicked children pursue poor Francis up a flight of steps and through a dark arch into the limpid Tuscan sunlight, with a rare effect of light and shadow. In Pax et Bonum, the welter of knights and men-at-arms, bristling weapons, rearing horses and flaunting banners amid which the Saint intervenes, with arms outstretched cross-wise, recall the fact that the young painter, long before he took robe and tonsure, found the first inspiration for his brush in the turbulent scenes of his own Chilean history. The archaeological detail of houses and churches, simply as it is rendered, represents many years of careful study made on the spot and with the assistance of several Roman authorities. As we watch the incidents that pass within the walls of Saint Peter's Basilica, we are looking upon a reconstitution, as nearly accurate as research could ensure, of the basilica built by Constantine, which was standing, practically intact when Francis lived.

This beautiful memorial of the saint of Assisi comes at an opportune moment, upon the eve of the seventh centenary of his death, when the attention of the world will be, in a very special sense, directed to the lessons of his life. There are saints who have taken the world by storm—there are saints who have met it almost on its own terms and won it over by a sort of God-given tact in presenting their message—and there are saints for whom it may be said that heaven descended on earth. It is not too imaginative to see in three Francises whom the Church commemorates representatives of all three types. If the apostle of the Indies is the supreme example of the missionary, the great bishop of Geneva the patron par excellence of Christians who must live among the turmoil and distractions of the world—then the saint of Assisi may well be considered the eternal friend and advocate of those to whom, temperamentally, the world means little or nothing, and to whom, because their hearts are free of covetousness and the itching to possess, its beauty is given in fee. In Pedro Subercaseaux, who, like Saint Luke, the painter of legend, heard the call and answered it, the life of Francis has found a chronicler who answered the poignancy of its message, not in mere terms of aesthetic perception but by the dedication to its ideals of the one life that all of us, skilled or unskilled, wise or simple in our generation, have to give. "Works such as those," says the Danish author Johannes Jorgenson, referring to the pictures, "are not only expressions of art—they are expressions of life. They are not only speaking to the eyes—they are speaking to the soul."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Professor's House, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

THIS book is a singularly constructed building. The reader must walk through many rooms to arrive at its lighted portion—the fantastic story of Tom Outland in the midst of commonplace chapters. Even the personality of the professor, drawn so keenly and delightfully in those first pages, cannot outweigh the conventional figures of his wife, daughters, and sons-in-law, who, like the furniture of his new house, are always on hand, modern in style and beautifully decorated. They appear and reappear with military precision until the risen ghost of Outland scatters them as papers are scattered before a fresh wind. They are fairly convincing; in Louis Marsellus there is even a trace of wistful eagerness. But they are as puppets beside that adventurous memory, symbolizing the pioneer America that civilization has strangled.

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The professor who has become part and parcel of his ancient and uncomfortable study is, with Augusta, the sewing woman, the only other significantly human element. The romance that smouldered in his histories was kindled to living fire by the coming of a pupil who swept like a tropical rainbow across his narrow horizon. Tom Outland is nobody's son, a young cowpuncher who witnessed and absorbed a tremendous experience. The story of the discovery of the remote mesa and the cliff city is as pure gold unrefined—"On that morning through a veil of lightly fallen snow . . . far up above me a thousand feet or so, set in a great cavern in the face of the cliff, I saw a little city of stone asleep . . . The tower was the fine thing that held all the jumble of houses together. It was red in color, even on that grey day. In sunlight it was the color of winter oak leaves."

Other parts of the book retreat before this picture. The hero of such an atmosphere could never have been the author of a great invention, the bequeathing of which makes his friends' fortune. It is too plausible. Even his shoulders are not broad enough for the load. Death for him, in the war is natural—but not commercialization. In My Antonia, the heroine accomplishes her destiny in a setting which fits her. The disposal of Outland is false, especially in the pathetic, forgotten shadow of Doctor Crane.

As the story sweeps on, we realize Tom Outland's spiritual companionship is at one with the professor's forgotten self. Here is a man of middle age, the years of his prime behind him; his significant work accomplished; his disillusionment, as regards his family, complete. Memory holds him in a fastness. Next in beauty to the translucent image of the city, cut in the rock's face to challenge sun, wind and eternity, is the poignant description of the professor's dreaming. We pity him as we pity our own lost selves striving to return to us as old and valued friends—"The boy who had come back to St. Peter this summer was not a scholar. He was a primitive. He was not nearly so cultivated as the old cliff-dwellers must have been—and yet he was terribly wise . . . He seemed to know among other things that he was solitary and must always be so; he had never married, never been a father. He was earth and would return to earth."

Never even in the fine edged portrait of A Lost Lady has Miss Cather more profoundly sounded the depths of a lonely soul receiving the last kaleidescopic flash of its youthful ego as the curtain of life falls away from it.

The Professor's House is in parts, though not as a whole, a step forward in her art. It holds an element that is unexpectedly illuminating. The story could have been better told, the material more artistically arranged. But without the long draught of Lillian, Louie, Rosamond and the others, would we so keenly appreciate Augusta, earthbound, faithful to the end, the professor, eternal romanticist, and behind them, tall and lonely, a boy of twenty with a handful of unset turquoises?

LAURA BENÉT.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. P. H. GALLEN is a general contributor to periodicals on theology and canon law, history and travel.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D., is director of the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the author of A Living Wage, and The State and The Church.

M. GRATTAN O'LEARY is a prominent Canadian journalist.

THEODORE MAYNARD, poet, novelist and critic, is the author of Our Best Poets and The Divine Adventure.

LAURA BENÉT is a contributor of reviews to current literary publications, and the author of Fairy Bread.

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE is professor of anthropology in Saint Michael's College, University of Toronto, and the author of A Century of Scientific Thought, The Church and Science, and The Romans in Britain.

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THE words of a Bishop describing the plight of lepers. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith through the missionaries picks up these human fragments from the byways. It pours chaulamoogra oil into their wounds and shelters them from cradle to grave. Priests and Sisters working among them are oftentime doomed to the very death they are making easy for others.

Christmas of 1925 will be the last on earth for a great many lepers. Let us help to make it a happy one for those whose days are numbered; let us share our Christmas joy with the missionaries who will see the Star from the confines of a leper colony.

Could there be a more pathetic sight than that of a diseased and disfigured human lying morose and dejected while the world at large is responding to the joyous chimes of Yuletide? When the very air is permeated with happiness he is hoping and longing for the day when the merciful hand of death will free his soul from his torturing husk of a body. The fast-setting sun of his life can bring a glow of happiness to him if you will only help.

Christmas alms for these asylums of death and hope should be forwarded to your Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the universal missionary aid Society of the Catholic Church, or directly to the

National Offices

343 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Rt. Rev. Msgr. WILLIAM QUINN, *National Director*

BRIEFER MENTION

Candle and Cross, by Elisabeth Scollard. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. $2.00.

Starshine and Candlelight, by Sister Mary Angelita, B.V.M. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

MISS SCOLLARD has produced a charming little collection of poems under the title of Candle and Cross. Her fancy is truly lyrical in the most modern sense of the word, and she plays deftly with the faintly tinted beauties and the gentle joys and griefs that fill the hearts of American poets of today. There is really more candle than cross in her moods; in her sonnet, I Will Remember No Unlovely Thing, we catch what is perhaps the purest character note of her volume—

"I will remember no unlovely thing,
The trust betrayed, the days when faith seemed vain,
The friend who proffered me a cup of pain,
All these shall be forgotten, I will sing.
My thoughts shall soar like meadow-larks in spring
Up and away, no more shall grief remain,
But like the joy of sunlight after rain
My recollections shall sweet solace bring.
The little beauties of the common day—
These are enough, these make my faint heart glad:
The moonbeams glancing on the garden walls,
The silvery symphony of waterfalls,
The lilac scent borne on the winds of May,
Thinking upon these things who could be sad?"

In Sister Mary Angelita's volume, Starshine and Candlelight, the western critic, James J. Daly, finely noted that "in seeking for crystal pools of sentiment the Catholic cloister is the most likely place to find our quest." So in this book, we happen upon less art and modernity than in Miss Scollard's work, but more repose, more soul and more eternal beauties. The web and woof of these timeless singers is oftentimes not of the delicate cambric quality of the Dobsons and De Banvilles: the tapestry behind its colors shows a coarser, more durable web. Sister Mary Angelita's work shows the correct strong drawings of a greater art: the proper skeleton structure of logic and the strong durable wings of Catholic piety that soar above the sentimental rhapsodies of the average modern poet. Her native gifts to song are also considerable: she is a worthy rival of Sister Madaleva, and the student will find the classic quality of a Fray Luis de Leon in her work.

Yule Fire, by Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

YULE FIRE is one of those Christmas publications that come in flocks to the fore some weeks before the holidays. They are the concentration of some literary expert like Mrs. Wilkinson, gathered out of the poet's stores of the past and present and arranged deftly and effectively under the Christmas boughs to gladden the hearts of young and old with a glint of the Bethlehem Star and the Christmas cedars of the north. Mrs. Wilkinson's book is representative of much of the best of Catholic poetry ranging from Gerard Hopkins to John B. Tabb, Alice Meynell, Louise Imogene Guiney, Joyce Kilmer, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton and Katherine Tynan; with nothing finer, when all is told, than Muna Lee's Sonnet After Reading Saint Teresa, Luis de Leon and Ramon Lull.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Oh, Doctor," gasped Miss Anonymoncule over her morning mail, "I see I will have to rearrange all my ideas of housekeeping and cookery."

"I didn't know you had any," grumbled the Doctor, annoyed at the interruption of his own letters.

"How can you say such a thing?" demanded Miss Anonymoncule indignantly. "Haven't I even on occasion, though under pressure, it must be admitted, brewed you tea here in this very library? And who shall say it was not good tea?"

"I," began Britannicus from the furthest alcove, "I"—

"Ingrate," said Miss Anonymoncule. "You always took two cups and five lumps. How dare you say 'I'?"

"You interrupted," replied Britannicus, who is a rapid thinker. "Allow me to finish the quotation I was just saying aloud to refresh my memory. Let me see. Doesn't it run this way? 'I,' quoth the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, 'I killed Cock Robin.'"

"What is this thing that is going to change your ideas of housewifery?" asked the Doctor, resignedly leaving his letters.

"Why this advertisement that came in the mail," said Miss Anonymoncule. "Read it." Taking the leaflet, the Doctor began—

"'Intellectual Meat Market—The owner of this butcher store is a young man, college graduate, well educated and speaks English, Italian, French and Spanish. He could not succeed in the intellectual world because this is mostly a business age. He therefore plunged in the commercial field by opening the above mentioned meat market in the hope of making an honest living. All intellectual people and housewives everywhere are respectfully implored to buy meat at this young man's store, for there you will undoubtedly find the best and the cheapest meat conceivable. Porterhouse Steak, $.35; Sirloin Steak, $.34; Milk Fed Spring Leg of Lamb, $.34; Lamb Chops, $.40; Pork Chops, $.30; Veal Chops, $.30. All kinds of soup and chopped meat, $.20. Roasting and Fricasee Chickens at a stupendous low price.

"'Come, give him a trial and at the same time have a conversation with him on any question involving scientific, philosophical, artistic and literary consideration.'"

The Doctor rubbed his eyes. "Are we in the eighteenth century, or the twentieth?" he demanded. "The Spectator in the days of Addison, I know, carried such advertisements, highly flavored with the personal attributes of the advertiser, but I thought today's publicity ethics had displaced all that."

"But don't you see," said Miss Anonymoncule, "that housewives now will have to read all sorts of things besides cook books, and supplement their domestic science lectures with current topic talks at the Town Hall, and perhaps even take a degree at Columbia, before they will qualify as chatelaines? Think of the horror of it. 'Yes, cook, I shall stop at the market and select the chicken myself. But don't hurry me. Can't you see I have to finish this chapter of Nietzsche first? The butcher and I had such an argument about it yesterday.'"

"I suppose," ruminated Dr. Angelicus, "that in such an order a certain fitness will have to be observed as well. Naturally, the Essays of Elia should be discussed on the day lamb chops or pork roasts are selected. Knut Hamsun also would be a topic when the menu is to be supplemented with pork, while a learned discussion of Sir Francis Bacon's theories should accompany the breakfast order, and"—

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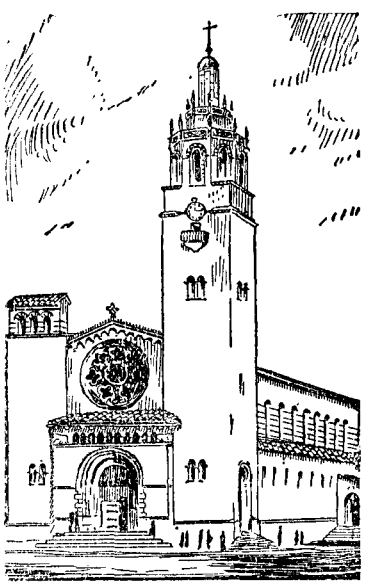

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The title page and index for Volume II of THE COMMONWEAL are now ready. These will be sent upon request.

Arrangements have been made for binding THE COMMONWEAL in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be furnished upon application to this office.

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nd Jacob Streets, New York City

"Don't," begged Miss Anonymoncule. "You're spoiling my appetite for dinner."

"But why," asked the Editor, who had entered during the discussion, "why does this intellectual shop-keeper advertise meat alone? I think if we looked into the matter we should find that he carries sea-food as well. That is, if he's very intellectual. For fish is reputed to be the real brain stimulant."

"I have never noticed that my hat felt tighter on Friday, though I have noticed that something else felt emptier," declared Angelicus.

"Speaking of hats," said the Editor, "did you see a despatch from England in the morning paper, to the effect that the latest slogan of London flappers is—'Hats off in restaurants?' The item states—'Morning, noon and night young girls remove their hats when they are eating in public. The flappers say it is because they feel better with a light head.'"

"'Lighter head,' it should be," growled Angelicus, "though I don't see how that's possible. Had Hawthorne wanted another title for his Feathertop, he could have called it, Flapper."

"Dear Doctor," said Miss Anonymoncule with concern, "you couldn't have slept well last night."

"I didn't, as a matter of fact," replied Angelicus. "You see my niece asked me to order tickets for The Glass Slipper for some evening next week. Now I never take a young person to the theatre without first reading what has been said of the play in the press. Therefore, when she suggested the Guild production, I went through various back issues of publications to see whether it was a fit play for her to see. What did I find? Dana Skinner declaring that 'what should be restrained background becomes blatant foreground—or, if you prefer, what should be an insistent, perverse but subdued accompaniment, ends by nearly drowning out the melody. Molnar, the cheap showman, has tried to efface Molnar, the tender poet. The result is a play one cannot recommend.' Alexander Woollcott writing, 'let it be written large on the walls of this town that a beautiful play now awaits the civilized few among the wayfarers within its gates.' Oswald Garrison Villard stating, 'with the exception of certain decadent plays, which I had the misfortune to see in Berlin some years ago, I have never witnessed anything so degrading and vulgar, so common and low, as The Glass Slipper;' while George Jean Nathan describes it as 'one of Molnar's best plays.'

"I finally gave up in despair and ordered tickets for the Hippodrome—but the result of these diverse views so confused my mind that I could not sleep. I was even so agitated that I found myself regretting that I had not gone to the open forum debate on The Glass Slipper held under the auspices of the Guild on Sunday afternoon. The advertisement stated that several prominent speakers would attack or defend the production, and that there would be discussion from the floor. I should like to have participated."

"But, Doctor, you haven't seen the play," objected Miss Anonymoncule, an admirer of the Guild.

"My poor child, don't you yet realize that some of our most important dramatic critics write of plays which they have left half-way through the first act? Why shouldn't I be equipped to speak of one I haven't seen?"

"I observe that the meeting included among other speakers, William Beebe," said the Editor. "Mr. Beebe is an explorer. Why should he qualify as a judge of The Glass Slipper?"

"Well," said Miss Anonymoncule defensively, "he did have a glass-bottomed boat on his expedition."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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